
THE
COMEDIES
OF
TERENCE.

VOL. I

THE
COMEDIES

OF
THE
M.C.E.

VOL I

T H E
C O M E D I E S
Terentius / P
O F
K
T E R E N C E,

Translated into Familiar BLANK VERSE.

By G E O R G E C O L M A N.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L. I.

*Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim:
Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.
Quin ubi se à vulgo et scenâ in secreta remôrante
Virtus Scipiadae et mitis sapientia Læti,
Nugari cum illo et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.*

HOR.

D U B L I N :

Printed for ELIZABETH WATTS, Bookseller, in
Skinner-Row. M,DCC,LXVI.

THE
COMEDIES
OF
TERENCE

Translated into Familiar Blank Verse.

By GEORGE COLMAN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



Hos.

DUBLIN:
Printed for ELIZABETH WATTS, Bookbinder, in
Skinner-Row, M.DCC.LXXI.

P R E F A C E.

AN attempt to give a new translation of the Comedies of Terence will, I believe, scarce be thought to demand an apology. Bernard and Hoole were obsolete even in the days of Echard; Echard and his co-adjutors, it is universally agreed, presented as imperfect an image of Terence, as Hobbs of Homer, or Ogilby of Virgil; and those, who have since employed themselves on this author, seem to have confined their labours to the humble endeavour of assisting learners of Latin in the construction of the original text. It is not, however, the intention of this Preface to recommend the present translation, such as it is, by depreciating the value of those that have gone before it; and I will fairly confess, that of such

ii P R E F A C E.

of them, as I thought it expedient to consult, I have made all the use that the different genius of our undertakings would admit.

When the Beauties of Sophocles lay buried in Adams's prose, it was no wonder that a Greek Professor, with a laudable jealousy for the reputation of one of the first writers in that language, should step forth, and endeavour to recommend him to the notice of the English Reader by exhibiting him in a poetical dress. Blank Verse is now considered as the life and soul of Tragedy; though perhaps too much attention to the language, in preference to the fable and the manners, has been one of the chief causes of the failure of our modern Tragedies. From almost all other compositions that measure is now excluded; and since the days of Milton, it has been thought to relish so much of the sublime, that it has scarce ever been suffered to tread the stage, as an attendant on the Comick Muse. Wherefore, notwithstanding

iv P R E F A C E.

bick, and Comedy to the Phallica : and as each of them began to form themselves into Dramatick Imitations, each studied to adopt a measure suited to their purpose. Tragedy, the more lofty, chose the Tetrameter; and Comedy, who aimed at familiarity, the Iambick. But as the stile of Tragedy improved, Nature herself, says Aristotle, directed the writers to abandon the capering Tetrameter, and to embrace that measure that was most accommodated to the purposes of dialogue; whence the Iambick became the common measure of Tragedy and Comedy.

* *Hunc Socci cepere pedem, grandæsq;
COTHURNI,
Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares
Vincentem strepitus, & natum rebus
agendis.*

——Iambicks——suited to the stage,
In cornick humour, or in tragick rage,
With

* Hor. de Arte Poeticâ.

P R E F A C E. v

With sweet variety were found to please,
And taught the dialogue to flow with
ease;

Their numerous cadence was for
action fit,

And form'd to quell the clamours of
the pit. FRANCIS.

Some of the Tragedies of Sophocles, and more of Euripides have escaped the wreck of Græcian Literature: but none of the Greek legitimate Comedies, except those of Aristophanes be such, have come entire down to our times. Yet even from those, as well as from the fragments of Menander, Philemon, &c. it is evident that measure was supposed to be as necessary to Comedy as Tragedy.

* In this, as well as in all other matters of literature, the usage of Greece was
religi-

• Some passages in this preface are taken from a small tract, published some time ago, entitled Critical Reflections on the Old English Drama-

religiously observed at Rome. Plautus, in his richest vein of humour, is numerous and poetical: and the Comedies of Terence, though we cannot agree to read them after Bishop Hare, were evidently not written without regard to Measure. The Comick Poets indeed indulged themselves in many licences; but the particular character of the measure used by those authors, as may be gathered from Horace, was its familiarity, and near approach to common conversation.

* Idcirco quidam, Comoedia necne poema
Esset, quæsiwere, quod acer spiritus & vis
Nec

tick Writers, which has since been prefixed by the Bookseller to Coxeter's Edition of Massinger. In that little tract I first mentioned the idea of this translation; and as the nature of the subject then led me to say something concerning the use of Measure in Comedy, I thought it better to introduce those passages into this preface, than to repeat the very same thing in other words.

* Hor. Sat. iv. lib. i.

Nec verbis, nec rebus inest: *nisi quod*
pede certo

Differt sermoni, sermo merus.

Some doubt, if Comedy be justly
 thought

A real poem, since it may be wrought
 In stile and subject, without fire or force;
 And bate the numbers, is but mere
 discourse. FRANCIS.

Among the Antients then it is evident
 that Measure was always considered as
 essential to Comedy, nor has it always
 been thought improper even among the
 Moderns. Our neighbours, the French,
 seem to have imagined mere prose, which,
 with Moliere's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, the
 meanest of us have talked from our cradle,
 to be too little elevated for the language of
 the theatre. Even to this day, they write
 most of their plays, Comedies as well as
 Tragedies, in verse; and the excellent
Avare of Moliere had nearly failed of the

applause it deserved by being written in prose. In our own nation, Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Shirley, and all our old writers used Blank Verse in their Comedy: of which practice it is too little to say, that it needs no apology. It deserved the highest commendation, since it hath been the means of introducing the most capital beauties into their compositions, while the same species of excellence could not possibly enter into the Comedies of a later Period, when the Muse had constrained herself to walk the stage in humble prose.

I would not however be understood, by what I have here said of Measure in Comedy, to object to the use of prose, or to insinuate that our modern pieces, taken all together, are the worse for being written in that stile. That indeed is a question that I am not called upon to enter into at present; and it is enough for me to have shewn that Poetical Dialogue was in use
among

among our old writers, and was the constant practice of the Antients. Menander and Apollodorus wrote in measure; Terence, who copied from their pieces, wrote in measure; and consequently they, who attempt to render his plays into a modern language, should follow the same method. If Terence, in the opinion of Quintilian, failed of transfusing all the elegancies of Menander into his stile, by neglecting to adhere to Trimeters, how can the translator of Terence hope to catch the smallest part of his beauties by totally abandoning the road of poetry, and deviating entirely into prose? If it is too true of translations in general, according to the severe and witty censure of Don Quixote in his visit to the printing-house at Barcelona, that they are like the wrong side of Flemish Tapestry, in which, though we distinguish the figures, they are confused and obscured by ends and threads; they, who render verse by prose,

X P R E E A C E.

may be said purposely to turn the pieces of their original the seamy side without; and to avoid copying the plain face of nature, in order to make their drawings by the Camera Obscura, which makes the figures appear topsy-turvy.

But this matter is not merely speculative. The theory has long ago been confirmed by practice, and the first translators of the antient comick writers naturally gave poetical versions of their plays. We are told by *Monf. de Voltaire* in the *Supplement* to his *General History*, * that early in the 16th century the best pieces of *Plautus* were translated into Italian at Venice; “and they translated them,” continues he, “into Verse, as they ought to be translated, since it was in Verse that they were written by *Plautus*.” In the same century, in the reign of *Charles IX*, *Baif*, an old French Poet, translated the

* P. 183.

the Eunuch of Terence into French Verse, and Madam Dacier herself acknowledges it to have been an excellent translation. Menage also mentions another old translation of all the works of Terence, partly verse, partly prose; and I believe there is more than one translation of all his plays into Italian verse. Great part of The Andrian, and The Brothers have been translated pretty closely into French verse by Baron, as well as of the Eunuch by Fontaine: and it is no wonder that Madam Dacier, who translated Homer into prose, should do the same thing by Terence. The French Heroick, if we may scan it by our English ears,

*Legitimumque sonum digito callemus et
aure,*

is, like the Greek Tetrameter, a kind of dancing measure, ill suited to the purposes of dialogue, noble or familiar; and so very inconvenient in poems of length, that the want of a proper measure in that language

language has occasioned that strange solecism in letters, an Epic Poem in Prose : and yet, notwithstanding these difficulties, whoever will compare Baron, Fontaine, and some few passages of Terence translated by Moliere, with any prose translation, will be immediately convinced of their great superiority. The English Blank Verse is happily conceived in the true spirit of that elegant and magnificent simplicity, which characterises the Græcian Iambick : and it is remarked by the Rev. Mr. T. Warton, the learned and ingenious Poetry-Professor of the University of Oxford, that “ an Alexandrine, entirely consisting of Iambick feet, answers precisely to a pure Tetrametrical Iambick verse of the Antients.”* The mere modern critick, whose idea of Blank Verse is perhaps attached to that empty swell of phraseology, so frequent in our late tragedies,

* Observations on the Fairy Queen, second Edit. p. 155.

gedies, may consider these notions as void of foundation; and will not readily allow that the same measure can be as well adapted to the expression of comick humour, as to the *pathos* of Tragedy: but it is observed by Gravina, that as an Hexameter sounds very differently in Homer and in Theocritus, so doth an Iambick in Tragedy and Comedy. * Nobody will pretend that there is the least similitude between the stile of Horace and Virgil; and yet they both use the same measure. But not to dwell on argument, and rather to produce irrefragable proofs of the fact, let me recur to the works of our old writers. Shakespeare, Jonson, Fletcher, &c. shall be my vouchers. Let the critick carefully read over the works of those authors. There he will seldom or never find that tumour of Blank Verse, to which he has been so much accustomed on the modern stage. He will be surpris'd with
a fa-

* Della Tragedia, Napoli, 1731. p. 61.

xiv P R E F A C E.

a familiar dignity, which, though it rises somewhat above ordinary conversation, is rather an improvement than perversion of it. He will soon be convinced, that Blank Verse is by no means appropriated solely to the Buskin, but that the hand of a master may mould it to whatever purposes he pleases; and that in Comedy, it will not only admit humour, but even heighten and embellish it. “The Britons,” says Mr. Seward in his preface to the last edition of Beaumont and Fletcher,* “not
 “only retained metre in their Comedies,
 “but also all the *acer spiritus*, all the
 “strength and nerves of poetry, which
 “was in a good measure owing to the happiness of our Blank Verse, which, at
 “the same time that it is capable of the
 “highest sublimity, the most extensive
 “and noblest harmony of the Tragick and
 “Epick; yet, when used familiarly, is so
 “near the *sermo pedestris*, so easy and
 “natural,

* Pag. 38.

“ natural, as to be well adapted even to
 “ the drollest comick dialogue. — * Every
 “ one must know that the genteel parts of
 “ Comedy, descriptions of polite life, mo-
 “ ral sentences, paternal fondness, filial
 “ duty, generous friendship, and particu-
 “ cularly the delicacy and tenderness of
 “ lovers’ sentiments are equally proper to
 “ poetry in Comedy as in Tragedy. —
 “ † Such poetick excellence, therefore, will
 “ the reader find in the genteel part of our
 “ Author’s Comedies; and there is a
 “ poetick stile often equally proper and
 “ excellent even in the lowest drollery of
 “ Comedy.”

Instances of the truth and justice of these
 observations might be produced without
 number from the authors above mentioned;
 and perhaps the unnatural stiffness of the
 modern tragick stile is in great measure
 owing to the almost total exclusion of
 Blank

* Pag. 39.

† Pag. 43.

Blank Verse from modern compositions, Tragedy excepted. The common use of an elevated diction in Comedy, where the writer was often, of necessity, put upon expressing the most ordinary matters, and where the subject demanded him to paint the most familiar and ridiculous emotions of the mind, was perhaps one of the chief causes of that *easy vigour* so conspicuous in the stile of our old tragedies: Habituated to Poetical Dialogue in those compositions, wherein they were obliged to adhere more strictly to the simplicity of the language of nature, the poets learned, in those of a more exalted species, not to depart from it too wantonly, nor entirely to abandon that magnificent plainness, which is the genuine dress of true passion and poetry. The Greek Tragedy, as has been before observed, quitted the Tetrameter for the natural Iambick. Just the contrary happened on our own stage, when Dryden and the cotemporary poets, authors of those

those strange productions called Heroick Tragedies, introduced rhyme in the place of Blank Verse, asserting that the latter was nothing more than *measured prose*; which, by the bye, exactly agrees with Horace's character of the irregular iambick of the Roman Comedy.

—*nisi quod pede certo*

Differt sermoni, sermo merus.

These, and the like considerations, had long appeared to me as the invincible reasons, why all attempts to render the comedies of the Antients into downright prose must prove, as they ever have proved, unsuccessful; and imagining that we had in our own language the models of a proper diction, I was led to attempt a version of one of Terence's plays in familiar Blank Verse, something after the manner of our Old Writers, but by no means professing

or

xviii P R E F A C E.

or intending a direct imitation of them. This first essay, conscious of it's crudeness and inaccuracy, but dubious whether it was worth while to endeavour to give it a higher polish, I communicated to a few friends; whose partiality to that effort encouraged me to proceed, and I found myself seriously engaged, almost before I was aware, in a translation of all our Author's pieces. How I have acquitted myself of this very hard task must now be submitted to the Publick: but if I have failed in the undertaking, I will venture to say, that my ill success is entirely owing to the lameness of the execution of a plan, which may be pursued more happily by some better writer.

Thus much, however, it was thought necessary to premise, not only by way of reflection on our English Blank Verse, but that the reader might not expect an attempt at a different kind of poetry, than I have

have endeavoured to set before him in the following translation. There are indeed scenes of Terence that require all the graces of poetry to give a tolerable version of them; but it has been * observed to be his peculiar excellence that his plays have so admirably preserved the due character of Comedy, that they never rise to the sublime of Tragedy, nor sink into the meanness of Farce; and Madam Dacier has remarked with what address he has accommodated the sentiments of Euripides to the use of Comedy. The scenes here alluded to are much of the same colour with many in our old writers: wherefore I am the more surprized that Mr. Seward, in his Preface above-cited, while he gives so just an account of the diction used in the old

* Illud quoque in inter Terentianas virtutes mirabile, quod ejus fabulæ eo sunt temperamento, ut neque extumescant ad tragicam celsitudinem, neque abjiciantur ad mimicam vilitatem.

EVANTHIUS *de Tragædiâ & Comædia.*

old comedies of our own theatre, should yet speak so unadvisedly of the stile of the Greek and Roman Drama, as to say, that * “ even the sublimest sentiments of Terrence, when his Comedy raises it’s voice to the greatest dignity, are still not cloathed in poetick diction.”—“ And again, that the Greeks appropriated the spirit and nerves of poetry to Tragedy only; and though they did not wholly deprive Comedy of metre, they left it not the shadow of poetick diction.” That learned and elegant Critick, Mr. Joseph Warton, who was the first that gave in English any of the fragments of Menander, when he apologizes for the translation, † “ remembering always how much his elegance is injured by a plain prosaic translation,” was, it is evident, of a very different opinion: and Gravina ‡ mentions it as a wonderful quality of the measure in the

* Pag. 37, and 38. † Adventurer, No. 105. Della Tragedia, p. 59.

the antient Tragedy and Comedy, that while it possesses all the dignity of Verse, it has all the ease and familiarity of Prose.

But not only the opinion of many ingenious men among the moderns, as well as the living testimony of the plays themselves, but also the express authority of the antient criticks absolutely contradicts the assertion of Mr. Seward. We are told by Quintilian, that Menander, * though he cultivated a different province of the drama, was a great admirer and imitator of Euripides, which accounts for the sentiments of that Tragick Poet still to be met with in the comedies of Terence. The same critick also speaks of the force and grandeur, as well as elegance, † of the stile in the Old Comedy; and

* Inst. Orator. Lib. x. cap. i.

† Antiqua Comœdia cum sinceram illam sermonis Attici gratiam prope sola retinet, tum facundissimæ libertatis, etsi est insectandis vitiis præcipua, plurimum tamen *virium* etiam in cæteris partibus habet. Nam & *grandis*, & elegans,

and Horace even in the passage, where he doubts whether a Comedy is to be esteemed a Poem, on account of the familiarity of the stile, immediately subjoins, *At pater ardens sævit, &c.* And in another place he has directly delivered his opinion, how far the Tragic and Comick Muse may reciprocally assume each other's tone.

Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult;

Indignatur item privatis ac prope focco

Dignis carminibus narrari coena Thyestæ.

Singula

gans, & venusta, & nescio an ulla, post Homerum tamen, quem, ut Achillem, semper excipi par est, aut similior sit oratoribus, aut ad oratores faciendos aptior.

Quintilian. Inst. Orator.

Lib. x. cap. 1.

Sua cuique proposita lex, suus cuique decor est. Nec comædia in cothurnos assurgit, nec contra tragœdia focco ingreditur. *Habet tamen omnis eloquentia aliquid commune.* Ibid. cap. 2.

P R E F A C E. xxiii

Singula quæq; locum teneant fortita decenter.

Interdum tamen et vocem Comoedia tollit,
 Iratusq; Chremes tumido delitigat ore;
 Et tragicus plerumq; dolet sermone pedestri. *

To these lines I shall subjoin Oldham's unpolished imitation, because it brings them home to our own stage; and I would recommend it to the reader, who is curious to see any thing further on this subject, to peruse Dacier's notes on this passage in the original.

Volpone and Morose will not admit
 Of Catiline's high strains, nor is it fit
 To make Sejanus on the stage appear
 In the low dress which Comick persons wear.
 Whate'er the subject be on which you write,
 Give each thing its due place and time aright.
 Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her stile,
 And angry Chremes is allow'd to swell;
And

* Hor. Art. Poet.

And Tragedy alike has sometimes leave
To throw off majesty when 'tis to grieve.

OLDHAM.

I shall conclude what I have to say, on the propriety of translating the Roman Comick Poets into English Blank Verse, by observing to what advantage many of the sentiments of Terence and Plautus have already appeared in that dress in the plays of our old writers. Jonson, according to the just and elegant observation of Dryden, may often be tracked in their snow; and in the notes to this translation the reader will meet with many passages similar to those in our Author from Shakespeare. A most learned and acute critick has observed,* that “we seldom are able to fasten an
“imitation, with certainty, on such a writer
“as Shakespeare;” because “he takes no-
“thing but the *sentiment*; the expression
“comes of itself, and is purely English.” †
I have therefore given the passages in ques-
tion

* HURD on the Marks of Imitation, p. 19.

† Ibid. p. 75.

tion merely as *resemblances*, leaving the reader to make his own comment on them; and shall here add one more, which was omitted in its proper place. In this passage, as in most others, Shakespeare has the advantage.

Facile omnes, cum valemus, recta consilia
ægotis damus.

Tu si hic sis, aliter censeas.

How readily do men at ease prescribe
To those who're sick at heart! Distrest like
You wou'd not talk thus. [me,

ANDRIAN, Act. 2. Scene 1.

Men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tast-
Their counsel turns to passion. [ing it,

And again in the same speech,

No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak pa-
tience

To those, that wring under the load of sorrow;

But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself.

Much Ado about Nothing.

Besides the resemblance of particular passages, scattered up and down in different plays, it is well known that the whole Comedy of Errors is in great measure founded on the Menæchmi of Plautus; but I do not recollect ever to have seen it observed that the disguise of the Pedant in the Taming of the Shrew, his assuming the name and character of Vincentio, together with his encountering the real Vincentio, seem to be evidently taken from the disguise of the Sycophanta in the Trinummus of the same author: and there is a quotation from the Eunuch of Terence also, so familiarly introduced into the dialogue of the Taming of the Shrew, that I think it puts the question of Shakespeare's having
read

read the Roman Comick Poets in the original language out of all doubt.

Tranio. Master, it is no time to chide
you now;

Affection is not rated from the heart.

If love hath touch'd you, nought remains
but so,

* *Redime te captum quàm queas minimo.*

Taming of the Shrew, Act. 1.

I do not think it incumbent on me in this place, according to the custom of most editors and translators, to write a panegyrick on my Author; much less shall I attempt to draw a comparison in his favour between Him and Plautus; though I cannot help observing that common-place of modern criticism

b 2

ticism

* It is remarkable that this seems to be a quotation from memory, or that the phrase is purposely altered by Shakespeare, in order to bring the sense within the compass of one line; for the passage here does not run exactly in the words of Terence, which are these. *Quid agas? nisi ut te redimas captum, quam queas minimo.*

Eunuch. Act. 1. Scene 1.

ticism on these writers is, in general, very different from that of the Antients. We now extol Plautus for his humour, and Terence for his stile; and on this foundation is raised the comparison between them, so injurious to our author, in the 6th book of the Poeticks of Scaliger. Varro, on the contrary, gives the preference to the stile of Plautus, which he considers as the language of the Muses themselves; and assigns the just delineation of characters as the peculiar excellence of Terence; who, in the time of Augustus, was equally admired for the artful contexture and judicious conduct of his plots. Cæsar, and Tully, and Quintilian have indeed spoken with justice of the elegance and purity of his stile; but the excellencies of the fable and the manners are prior to those of the diction; and as they are the chief beauties of Comedy, so are they distinguishing characteristicks of Terence.

In my opinion, the justest objection ever
made

made to his plays is the * similarity of the plots, which necessarily produces a similarity of characters; nor can it be sufficiently lamented that a writer, who was so accurate a painter of the manners, and so judicious a conductor of the fable, as well as so exquisite in his language, should not have given full scope to his genius, and taken in a greater variety of personages, and been more studious to diversify the incidents of his several comedies.

For more particular observations on our Poet the reader is referred to the Notes on the several plays. As for the Notes themselves, many of them, being taken

b 3

from

* Hac sane parte [scilicet vi comicâ] videtur superior Plautus; uti et varietate tum argumentorum, tum dictionis. Nam Plautus semper studet esse novus, sui que dissimilis; seu rem spectes, seu verba. In Terentio vero magnopere conveniunt argumenta fabularum: & quando de eadem re, aut simili, est sermo, plurimum nec absimilis est dictio.

Vossius, *Inst. Poet. Lib. ii. cap. 25.*
sect. 5.

from the best criticks and commentators, antient and modern, living and dead, foreign and domestick, will, I know, be allowed to have merit; many others, being entirely my own, are as liable to censure as the translation itself; especially those, wherein I have ventured to oppose the judgments of others; though I can safely say that I have never attempted to litigate any opinion, merely from a petulant spirit of contradiction, or an ambition of novelty. It is the duty of an editor and translator to illustrate and explain the author, to the best of his abilities; and if he differs from former criticks, he should give his reasons for his dissent, and leave it to the Publick to decide. He too, it is true, may be deceived in his turn; for as the critick is as often wrong as the author on whom he comments, or if we may take a poet's word on this occasion,

* Ten censure wrong for one who writes
amiss,

so

* Pope's Essay on Crit.

so is the Hypercritick as fallible as the Critick. But each man's understanding, such as it is, must be his guide; and he, who has not courage to make a free use of it, but obtrudes the opinions of others, unsifted and unexamined, on his readers, betrays more want of respect for their understanding, than diffidence of his own.

It was my first intention to have accompanied this translation with a Dissertation on Comedy, hoping it might have appeared an agreeable addition to the work; but on weighing this matter seriously, and turning it over and over in my thoughts, I found the subject grow upon me so considerably, as it opened itself to my mind, that the pursuit of it would have unavoidably betrayed me into another volume; so that what I meant for the advantage of the Reader, like the *Bonus* in a Government-Subscription, would in fact have proved a heavy tax. The

work has already exceeded the limits which I proposed to myself at first setting out. I did not, therefore, think it justice to the purchasers to swell the price still more; and to have given the dissertation, maimed or incomplete, would have been injustice to them as well as to myself. Whenever it sees the light, it shall be as perfect as I am able to make it. In the mean time, every thing relative to the comedies of Terence, critical as well as explanatory, will, I hope, be found in the Notes. I have with much industry endeavoured to collect, from all quarters, sometimes perhaps too minutely, whatever could contribute to throw any light on our Author; and there is prefixed a translation of the account of his life from Suetonius; with which, as well as the notes annexed to it from Madam Dacier, together with a translation of all that learned lady's remarks on the four last plays, I was favoured by Dr. Ralph Schomberg of Bath:

Bath: nor can I otherwise account for his great kindness in voluntarily offering to take so toilsome and disagreeable a part of my task off my hands, but that he was resolved that there should be none of his family, to whom I should not owe some obligation.

The order in which the Six Comedies are placed in this translation, although the same that is observed in most editions and manuscripts, is not according to the real series in which they were written and exhibited by Terence: they succeeded each other in the original course of representation at Rome as follows.

1. The Andrian,
2. The Step-Mother,
3. The Self-Tormentor,
4. The Eunuch,
5. Phormio,
6. The Brothers.

Madam Dacier endeavouring to assign the motives that induced the most antient editors and transcribers to that arrangement of the plays in which we now see them, in preference to the true chronological order, imagines it beyond a doubt, that they were influenced by the judgment of Volcatius Sedigitus; who, she supposes, had ranked every dramattick piece, as well as every author, according to his opinion of their merit; and who placed *The Step-Mother* the last of our Author's Six Plays.

Sumetur Hecyra sexta ex his fabula.

*The Step-Mother,
The last and least in merit of the Six.*

Agreeably to this notion, she places *The Step-Mother* the last in her collection, which has induced her followers to do the same thing: but the truth is, that in most copies, *The Step-Mother* stands the fifth, so that, in all probability, as little respect

was

was paid to the judgment of Volcatius concerning the respective merit of our author's several pieces, if indeed he decided on them all, as to his injudicious decision of the rank due to him among the Comick Poets.

The old compilers had, I doubt not, a reason for the order in which they placed these comedies: it is impossible to speak with any confidence on so dark a point at this distance of time; but after a longer investigation of this matter than perhaps such a trifle required, it appeared to me the most plausible, as well as most simple manner of accounting for it, to suppose that, in regard to the original authors from which the comedies were taken, the principal intention of the first compilers was merely to keep together all the pieces imitated from the same Greek poet. Accordingly, the four first plays, The Andrian, Eunuch, Self-Tormentor, and
 Brothers,

Brothers, are from Menander; and the two last, The Step-Mother and Phormio, from Apollodorus: allowing for this variation, they are ranged, as nearly as may be, according to the true order in which they appeared; for I take it for granted, that the Eunuch is placed the second, that the Self-Tormentor might not be forced out of its right place: since in the present arrangement the Self-Tormentor and the Andrian still precisely occupy their original rank. This however is submitted merely as conjecture; but it is remarkable, that however books differ in other respects, they all concur in giving the first place to the Andrian; though it would be difficult for the nicest critick to assign the reasons why it ought, in point of merit, to take the lead of the Eunuch, or why either of the two should precede the Self-Tormentor. It should seem therefore, that the chronological order was attended to by the old transcribers,

transcribers, as far as it could be reconciled to the plan on which they proceeded.

Before I conclude this Preface, it is necessary to speak of two or three circumstances peculiar to these Comedies. First then, the English Reader is desired to observe, that the manners, prevailing in them all, are wholly Græcian. The scene is always laid in or near Athens, the actors were dressed in Græcian habits, suitable to their respective characters; and the customs, coins, &c. occasionally mentioned, such as were used in Greece. Terence, who imitated, rather than * translated

* The ingenious Author of a commentary and notes on Horace's Art of Poetry asserts, p. 193. that "some of Terence's plays are *direct translations* from Menander." This could proceed from nothing but mere inadvertence, since the slightest reflection must have convinced him, that the prologues of Terence point out some capital variations from the Greek, and the learned

translated Menander, chose however to preserve the scenery and manners of his original. The *direct translator* of Terence therefore has certainly no right to modernize his comedies, and instead of Græcian manners to substitute the French, English, or Italian. Yet this hath been the method pursued by most professed translators, though necessarily productive of two great inconveniencies: for first, it deprives the modern reader of the pleasure of directly comparing the manners and customs of another age and country with those of his own; and secondly, the ground of the play, the fable, characters, sentiments, and language, still retaining the antient cast, the result of this modernizing spirit is a fantastical medley, which represents the manners of no age or country at all.

Notwith-

learned Critick himself has on other occasions taken notice of those variations. The old commentators have taken notice of many others, as will appear in the notes to this translation.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged chastity of Terence, there are many things in these plays irreconcilable to modern notions of delicacy; and there is, even in his dialogue, so justly esteemed for its urbanity, many violations of the modern rules of politeness. “The influence of
 “modern manners (says an excellent
 “writer) reaches even to names and
 “the ordinary forms of address. In the
 “Greek and Roman dialogues, it was permitted to accost the greatest persons by
 “their obvious and familiar appellations.
 “Alcibiades had no more addition than
 “Socrates; and Brutus and Cæsar lost
 “nothing of their dignity from being applied to in those direct terms. The
 “Moderns, on the contrary, have their
 “guards and fences about them; and we
 “hold it an incivility to approach them
 “without some decent periphrasis, or ceremonial title.” * Many instances of this
 antient

* Preface to Moral and Political Dialogues, by the Rev. Mr. Hurd.

antient familiarity will occur in these comedies; and though I have sometimes rendered the *here* or *hera* of the original by the terms of *Sir* or *Madam*, yet the reader will commonly find the meanest slave accosting his master or mistress by their plain names without any more respectful addition.

The several allusions to antient customs are explained, as occasion requires; and the value of the coins is taken notice of the two or three first times that each species is mentioned: but as there is not one of the plays, wherein most of them do not very frequently occur, I have thought proper to insert in this place Cooke's Table of Attick Money, to be referred to at pleasure.

A Table

P R E F A C E. xli

*A Table of Sums in Attick Money, with their
Proportion to English Money.*

O B O L I. l. s. d. q.

1	-	-	-	-	-	00	00	01	1 $\frac{1}{6}$
2	-	-	-	-	-	00	00	02	2 $\frac{1}{3}$
3	-	-	-	-	-	00	00	03	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
4	-	-	-	-	-	00	00	05	0 $\frac{2}{3}$
5	-	-	-	-	-	00	00	06	1 $\frac{5}{6}$
6 equal to a Drachm	-	-	-	-	-	00	00	07	3

D R A C H M A E.

1	-	-	-	-	-	00	00	07	3
10	-	-	-	-	-	00	06	05	2
100 equal to a Mina	-	-	-	-	-	03	04	07	0

M I N A E.

1	-	-	-	-	-	03	04	07	0
10	-	-	-	-	-	32	05	10	0
20	-	-	-	-	-	64	11	08	0
60 equal to a Talent	-	-	-	-	-	193	15	00	0

T A L E N T A.

1	-	-	-	-	-	193	15	00	0
5	-	-	-	-	-	968	15	00	0
10	-	-	-	-	-	1937	10	00	0
15	-	-	-	-	-	2906	05	00	0
20	-	-	-	-	-	3875	00	00	0
100	-	-	-	-	-	19375	00	00	0

Terence

Terence mentions the Half Mina in his Adelphi, which was a single coin in proportion to - - - - - 01 12 03 2

The Obolus was brass, the rest were silver.

On the whole it will appear, that it has been my chief study to exhibit Terence as nearly as possible in the same dress in which he appeared at Rome; hoping that the learned reader may recognize his old acquaintance, and that I may be able to introduce to the unlearned, one so well worth his knowledge. I have tried, however the difficulty of the attempt may have baffled my endeavours, to catch the *manner*, as well as features, of my original. Some perhaps may think that, having once abandoned prose, I might have given still freer scope to my imagination, and have introduced more strokes of poetry: but such criticks must have very little considered the concise purity of Terence, the difficulty of preserving that *proprietas verborum* for which he is so remarkable,

markable, the nameless force even of adverbs and particles in his stile, and how dangerous it would be to attempt any additions or flourishes on his dialogue. I meant a direct translation, not a loose imitation; and perhaps this version will be found in most instances to be more literal than the prose translations. The peculiar felicity of the mode I had embraced, often gave me an opportunity of following the Author, without stiffness, in the arrangement of his words and sentences, and even of indulging myself, without affectation, in the elleipses, so frequent in his stile. In a word, if this version shall be allowed to have any merit, it is entirely owing to the strict adherence to the original.

The other circumstances necessary to be mentioned, for the better illustration of these Comedies, are chiefly relative to the representation. "Some (says Echard) object, "that in the beginning of many scenes,
 " two

xliv P R E F A C E.

“ two actors enter the stage, and talk to
“ themselves a considerable time before
“ they see or know one another; which,
“ say they, is neither probable nor natural.
“ —They, that object this, do not con-
“ sider the difference betwixt our small
“ scanty stage and the large magnificent
“ Roman Theatres: their stage was sixty
“ yards wide in front; their scenes so
“ many streets meeting together, with
“ by-lanes, rows, and alleys, so that two
“ actors coming down two distinct streets
“ or lanes, could not be seen by each
“ other, though the spectators might see
“ both; and sometimes if they did see
“ each other, they could not well distin-
“ guish faces at sixty yards distance.
“ Besides, on several accounts, it might
“ well be supposed, when an actor enters
“ the stage, out of some house, he might
“ take a turn or two under the porticoes,
“ usual at that time, about his door, and
“ not

“not observe another actor on the other
“side of the stage.” *

To make the action, and business of the play still clearer, as well as to present the reader with some image of its effect in the representation, I have all along subjoined, according to the modern manner, marginal notes of direction. For this practice I have, in the proper place, given the reasons at large from an ingenious French Writer. It may be said indeed that a dramattick author should so frame his dialogue, as to make it evident by whom every part of it is spoken, to whom each speech is addressed, and the probable tone, gesture, and action assumed by the speaker. Allowing this to be strictly true, and always practicable, which is however a very doubtful point, I have annexed no directions of that sort, which may not be collected by an attentive reader from the text itself;
and

* Preface to Terence, p. 10.

and they who object to the use of these little cursory elucidations of the written or printed drama, might as well censure the prefixing the names of the particular character to the several speeches. These familiar directions, as they are the shortest, so are they the clearest interpreters of the conduct of the scene; and the want of them in the original text has on many occasions put the commentators to the expence of a very long note to explain, what the reader is thus made acquainted with, often by a single word.

As to the habits of the actors, it is plain from Donatus, as well as the reason of the thing, that they were in general suited, according to the custom of the times and country, to the sex, age, and condition of the several characters. Some particulars, however, in their dress very essentially distinguish the antient players from those

those on any modern stage, viz. the Buskin, the Sock, and the Mask. The Buskin was a kind of high-heeled boot, worn only by the Tragedians; as the Sock was a sort of sandal peculiar to the actors in Comedy. Every player wore a Mask. It is plain, as Madam Dacier observes, that it was not like the modern Mask, which covers only the face, but enclosed the whole head, and had false hair fastened to it agreeable to the visage and complexion of the fore part. The Mask was called *persona*, from *personare*, to sound through, being so formed as to enlarge the voice, and convey it to a greater distance; a contrivance, which the vast extent of the antient theatres rendered extremely necessary. For the same reasons the features portrayed on the vizard were so much aggravated beyond the proportion of those drawn by the hand of Nature. It must be confessed, that in these instances the Moderns have infinitely the advantage; and that by contracting

contracting the dimensions of their theatres, although they have a good deal abated the magnificence of the spectacle, they have been able to approach much nearer to the truth and simplicity of theatrical representation.

The Antient Drama was indeed, as a spectacle, extremely different from the Modern; and, on the stage, nearer approaching to the genius of our Opera, than Tragedy or Comedy; which circumstance, if duly considered, might have prevented a deal of idle disputation concerning the propriety of a Chorus. The antient plays, it is certain, were all accompanied with Musick; Aristotle mentions Musick as one of the six parts of Tragedy, and we know from Horace, that the alterations in the Drama, Musick, and Decorations, kept pace with each other, and that in process of time, as the
Roman

Roman Theatres were enlarged, their
Musick also became more rich and full.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tu-
bæque

Æmula; sed tenuis, simplexq; foramine
paucò

Adspirare & adesse choris erat utilis,
atque

Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia
flatu:

Quo sanè populus numerabilis, utpote
parvus,

Et frugi castusq; verecundusq; coibat.

Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor,
& urbem

Latior amplecti murus, vinoq; diurno

Placari Genius festis impune diebus,

Accessit numerisq; modisq; licentia
major.

Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberq; la-
borum,

I P R E F A C E.

Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?

Sic priscæ motumq; & luxuriem addidit arti

Tibicen, traxitq; vagus per pulpita vestem :

Sic etiam Fidibus voces crevere severis,

Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præceps :

Utiliumq; sagax rerum, ac divina futuri
Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis. *

Nor was the Flute at first with silver bound,

Nor rival'd emulous the trumpet's sound :

Few were it's notes, it's form was simply plain ;

Yet not unuseful was its feeble strain

To aid the Chorus, and their songs to raise :

Filling the little theatre with ease :

To

* Hor. Art. Poet.

P R E F A C E. li

To which a thin and pious audience
came,
Of frugal manners, and unfullied fame.

But when victorious Rome enlarg'd
her state,

And broader walls enclos'd th' imperial
seat,

Soon as with wine, grown dissolutely
gay,

Without restraint she chear'd the festal
day,

Then Poësy in looser numbers mov'd,
And Musick in licentious tones im-
prov'd :

Such ever is the taste when clown and
wit,

Rustick and critick, fill the croud'd
pit,

lii P R E F A C E.

He who before with modest art had
 play'd,
 Now call'd in wanton movements to his
 aid,
 Fill'd with luxurious tones the pleasing
 strain,
 And drew along the stage a length of
 train:
 And thus the Lyre, once awfully severe,
 Increas'd the strings, and sweeter charm'd
 the ear;
 Thus Poetry precipitately flow'd,
 And with unwonted elocution glow'd;
 Pour'd forth prophetick truth in awful
 strain,
 Dark as the language of the Delphick
 Fane.

FRANCIS.

In the above lines the two principal instruments in use on the theatre are mentioned, viz. *Tibia*, the Flute, and *Fides*, the Lyre. On so obscure a part of learning many doubts must necessarily have arisen; but the most probable opinion seems

to be that the Flute was employed to accompany the declamation, or recitative, and the Lyre was peculiar to the Chorus: whence it happens that in the plays of Terence, as appears from the titles, only the Flutes were used; the Chorus, which made a part of the old Comedy, as well as Tragedy, not being admitted into the New. The Comick Musick was certainly much more familiar than the Tragick; and on comparing the several authorities on this subject, it seems probable that the *scenick modulation*, as Quintilian calls it, in Comedy, was a kind of easy chant, calculated to assist the actors in the declamation, and to throw out the voice with force, in order to fill their ample theatres. Quintilian expressly tells us, that the declamation of the comick actors was nothing more than adding a certain theatrical grace to the manner of common conversation; not falling entirely into the

ease of ordinary discourse, which would be inartificial, nor departing so far from nature as to lose the excellence of imitation.*

The English Reader will find, in the titles to these comedies, some expressions relative to the Musick, that may perhaps appear to him rather strange and uncouth; such as—Flutes Equal or Unequal, Right or Left-Handed;—but they are the only words that could be used with any propriety to translate the original names of the instruments; and yet even those words, uncouth as they are, are not intelligible without some further explanation; and to mend the matter, that further explanation is so difficult to be obtained, that the learned

* *Actores Comici*—nec ita prorsus, ut nos vulgo loquimur, pronuntiant, quod esset sine arte: nec procul tamen a natura recedunt, quo vitio periret imitatio: sed morem communis hujus sermonis decore quodam scenico exornant.

QUINTIL. *Inst. Orat.* lib. II. cap. 10.

ed Monf. Le Fevre wrote a most elegant copy of Latin Verses, execrating the Flute, and all the commentators on it.

The short account from Donatus, which I have subjoined to the title to the Andrian, shews that the Right-handed Flutes were the proper accompaniments to comedies of a graver cast, and the Left-Handed to those of more pleasantry. Montfaucon * observes, that the Flute took it's original name, *Tibia*, from being anciently made of the leg of some animal, as a horse, a dog, &c. † He seems at a loss to conceive

c 4

how

* MONTFAUCON, Tome 3me parte 2de. p. 342.

† This is the ground of a conceit in one of the Fables of Phædrus on a minstrel's breaking his leg.

Princeps Tibicen notior paulo fuit,
Operam Bathyllo solitus in scenâ dare.
Is forte ludis (non satis memini quibus)
Dum pegma rapitur, concidit casu gravi

Nec

M P R E F A C E.

how a double flute could create an agreeable harmony, but believes it to have been even more common in use than the single; though he supposes that the two flutes were in fact separated, but that the several pipes of each joined in the mouth of the player. To this account he annexes the figure of a Choraules, or Chief Minstrel, who holds in each hand a pipe without holes, much in the shape of a modern post-horn.

Francesco de Ficoroni * to a treatise,
wrote in Italian, on the Theatrical
Masks

Nec opinans, et *sinistram* fregit *tibiam*;
Dux cum *dextras* maluisset perdere.

PHÆDRUS, *Lib. v. Fab. 7.*

Here the whole joke consists in *sinistra tibia* signifying a *left-banded flute* and the minstrel's *left leg*.

* *Le Maschere Sceniche e le Figure Comiche D'Antichi Romani, descritte brevemente da Francesco De Ficoroni. In Roma, 1736.*

Masks and Comick Figures of the Romans, subjoined a plate containing three Musical Figures. The one at top is that of a Female Minstrel, playing on two Unequal Flutes; and is copied from a very antient bas-relief in marble, preserved among the curious pieces of sculpture in the Farnese Palace: The whole marble contains five figures, and represents a scene in the last act of the *Andrian*, where Simo calls forth Dromo to carry off Davus to punishment. On one side Dromo, with a kind of knotted cord in his hand, which is raised in the air and seems threatening to fall heavy on Davus, is hurrying him away. On the other side appears the enraged Simo, with Chremes endeavouring to moderate his anger; and in the Middle the Minstrel, playing as mentioned above. The dress of the Minstrel (although a female one) is exactly

conformable to the description of the habit of the Minstrel by Horace,

—Traxitq; vagus per pulpita vestem.

And drew along the stage a length of train.

In the plate she is turned towards the two slaves; and seems intending to keep time with Dromo's blows, or, as Ficoroni supposes, to exhilarate the spectators between the several strokes. *

The female figure on the left, bearing two Unequal Flutes in her hand, represents, (as Ficoroni supposes † from her flowing hair being collected in a knot behind, as well as from a Satyrick Mask, which, in the original Cameo, whence the plate is taken,

* Ficoroni, p. 27. † Ficoroni, p. 118.

taken, stands by her side) a Minstrel employed in the Satyrick Drama, a kind of Serious Pastoral much in favour on the Roman Stage, and of which Horace has spoken very largely in his Art of Poetry. This figure seems to confirm the conjecture of Montfaucon, that the Double Flutes were in fact two distinct instruments, and that the pipes of each joined in the mouth of the minstrel.

The figure on the right is copied from a mutilated marble containing a Greek Inscription, ΚΑΤ. ΠΡΟ. ΙΖ. ΚΑΛ. ΑΠΡΙΛΙΩΝ; which inscription, as it records no name, nor bears any other mark of those used on funeral occasions, * Ficoroni supposes to be intended to record some theatrical exhibition on the time there mentioned, which was seventeen days before the Calends of April, being equal to our Sixteenth of March, and the time of the celebration of
the

* Ibid. p. 196.

IX P R E F A C E.

the Liberalia, or Games in Honour of Bacchus, in Antient Rome.

These two last figures shew the various forms, as well as improvements of the Flute. Those in the hands of the Pastoral Minstrel have but three stops; but that in the right hand of the mutilated figure has seven; which confirms the observation of the learned Montfaucon, who tells us that the Flute had a first three holes, but that they were afterwards multiplied to seven, and even to ten: In another part of Ficoroni's * book is a figure, which seems to be that of a Vain-Glorious Soldier, a very common character in the comedies of the Antients, singing to a minstrel playing on double Flutes, which by their shape and size seem to have been those large trumpet-toned instruments in use in the days of Horace.

As

As to the manner in which these Flutes were used, * Ficoroni observes from Diomedes the Grammarian, that by *Flutes equal, or unequal*, was meant, that in Soliloquy the minstrel blew only one pipe, and in Dialogue both. It should seem also that the Soliloquies, like the *Airs* in our Opera, had more laboured accompaniments than the Dialogue, or common Recitative; for Donatus has informed us *DIVERBIA histriones promuntiabant: CANTICA vero temperabantur modis non a poetâ, sed a perito artis musicæ factis. Neque enim omnia iisdem modis in uno cantico agebantur, sed sæpe mutatis. Ut significant qui tres numeros in comædijs ponunt, qui tres continent mutatos modos cantici illius.* The import of this passage is explained by Diomedes, who tells us that *Diverbia* signifies the Dialogue, and *Cantica*

tica the Soliloquies. * Of this technical sense of the word *Canticum* I confess I was not at all aware, when I wrote the notes to the Brothers ; nor, it is evident, was Madam Dacier ; who has also, in her account of the Musick, in the notes to the Andrian, mistaken the meaning of *Flutes equal or unequal, right or left-handed*, supposing them synonymous terms ; whereas it is plain from Diomedes that the *Equal* or *Unequal* meant the *Single* or *Double* Flute, and from Donatus that the *Right-Handed* signified those used in the more Serious comedy, and the *Left-Handed* those used in the more Pleasant.

It is plain also, from the lines above cited from Horace, that the Minstrel did not content himself with playing on the Flutes, but accompanied his Musick with
some

* *Diverbia partes Comœdiarum sunt, in quibus plures personæ versantur ; Cantica, in quibus una tantum.*

some gesture fuitable to the action of the scene.

—priscæ motumq; & luxuriem addi-
dit arti

Tibicen.

—call'd in wanton movements to his aid.

“ Of the use and propriety of these gestures, says the ingenious Annotator on the Art of Poetry whom I have often cited, “ it will not be easy for us, who see “ no such things attempted on the modern “ stage, to form any very clear or exact notions.” * Here therefore I shall conclude this preface, and take my leave of the Antient Musick, referring the curious reader to the several commentators on Horace and Aristotle, and to those authors who have

* HURD'S Notes on the Art of Poetry,
p. 150.

lxiv P R E F A C E.

have written expressly on this subject, which it is needless to pursue any further in this place, as it is now of no great consequence to the reader of the Comedies of Terence.

THE

T H E

LIFE OF TERENCE.

T

*S

P

no
fai
fro
am
of
no
wh

Do

THE
L I F E
O F
T E R E N C E.
TRANSLATED FROM
S U E T O N I U S.

PUBLIUS Terentius Afer was
born at Carthage, and was a slave of
Terentius

* *Suetonius.*] This life of our Author is not very satisfactory; but as all that has been said of him by other writers is chiefly taken from it, I thought it better to follow the example of Madam Dacier in giving a translation of this account, with a few supplementary notes, than to pretend to attempt an alteration, where I could make no material addition.

This life of Terence is by some attributed to Donatus.

lxviii THE LIFE OF TERENCE.

Terentius Lucanus, * a Roman Senator; who, perceiving him to have an excellent understanding and a great deal of wit, not only bestowed on him a liberal education, but gave him his freedom in the very early part of his life. Some writers are of opinion that he was taken prisoner in battle, † but Fenestella proves this to be impossible, since Terence was born after

* *A Roman Senator.*] This Senator gave our Author the name of Terence, according to the prevailing custom among the Romans, whenever they conferred freedom on their slaves. His real name we are entirely unacquainted with; and it is somewhat extraordinary that a Poet of such distinguished merit should want a friend to hand it down to us; and that, by a singular fatality, he who could stamp immortality on the name of his master, should be unable to continue his own. DACIER.

† *Fenestella.*] He was one of the most accurate historians and antiquaries the Romans ever had: he flourished towards the end of Augustus' reign, or in the beginning of that of Tiberius; he wrote many things, especially annals; but time has deprived us of them all.

DACIER.

THE LIFE OF TERENCE. lxix

after * the second Punick war, and died before the commencement of the third. But even supposing that he had been taken by the † Numidians, or Getulians, he could not have fallen into the hands of a ‡ Roman commander, since there was little

* *The second Punick War.*] This ended in the year of Rome 552; 196 years before the birth Christ; and the third began in the year of Rome 603; an interval of fifty-one years, which both saw the birth and death of Terence. It is evident he died in the year of Rome 594, while Cn. Corn. Dolabella and M. Fulvius were consuls, at the age of thirty-five; nine years before the third Punick war. He was born consequently in the year of Rome 560, eight years after the second Punick war. DACIER.

† *Numidians, &c.*] The Carthaginians (between the second and third Punick war) were in continual broils with the Numidians or Getulians, and consequently Terence might be taken prisoner in some one of these skirmishes by the Numidian troops. DACIER.

‡ *Roman commander.*] This is a very undecisive way of reasoning: for though it is very certain that the Romans, before the entire demolition of Carthage, had very little intercourse with Africa, they

lxx THE LIFE OF TERENCE.

little or no communication between the Romans and Africans till after the entire destruction of Carthage.

Our Poet was beloved and much esteemed by noblemen of the first rank in the Roman Commonwealth; and lived in a state of great intimacy with Scipio Africanus, and C. Lælius, * to whom the beauty of his person also is supposed to

they might, without any great difficulty, have purchased a slave. It is well known that ambassadors were sent from Rome to Carthage at two or three different times, in order to settle some differences subsisting between them and the Numidians. Where then is the improbability of a Numidian's selling a slave, he had taken from the Carthaginians, to one of the Romans? Nothing more probable. DACIER.

* *To whom the beauty of his person, &c.*] Madam Dacier, (from a female delicacy, I suppose) has entirely altered this circumstance; and there is, in her translation of this life from Suetonius, scarce the shadow of this imputation on our Author either in the text, or the verses introduced on purpose to support it.

THE LIFE OF TERENCE. lxxi

to have recommended him : which Fenes-
tella lays to his charge, asserting that Te-
rence was * older than either of them.
Corn. Nepos on the contrary writes that
they were nearly of an age, and Porcius
gives us room to suspect such a familiarity
between them by the following lines.

*Dum lasciviam nobilium & fucosas
laudes petit :*

*Dum Africani voci divinæ inhiat avidis
auribus :*

*Dum ad † Furium se cœnitare, & Lælium
pulcrum putat :*

Dum

* Older than either of them.] Terence was
nine years older than Scipio, the son of Paulus
Æmilius, the person here meant, who was not
born till the year of Rome 569. We are not
quite so positive as to the age of Lælius.

DACIER.

† *Furius Publius.*] A man of great rank and
quality ; not Aulus Furius Antia, or the Marcus
Furius Bibaculus mentioned by Horace.

DACIER.

lxxii THE LIFE OF TERENCE.

*Dum se amari ab hisce credit, crebrò
in Albanum rapi
Ob florem ætatis suæ; ad summam
inopiam redactus est,
Itaque e conspectu omnium abiit in
Græciæ terram ultimam.
Mortuus est in Stymphalo, Arcadiæ
oppido.——*

Seeking the pleasures and deceitful praise
Of nobles, while the bard with greedy
ears

Drinks in the voice divine of Africanus,
Happy to sup with Furius and with
Lælius,

Carefs'd, and often, for his bloom of
youth,

Whirl'd to Mount Alba, amidst all
these joys,

He finds himself reduc'd to poverty.

Wherefore withdrawing from all eyes,
and flying

To the extremest parts of Greece, he
dies

At Stymphalus, a village in Arcadia.

He

He wrote six comedies. When he offered his first play, which was the *Andrian*, to the *Ædiles*, he was ordered to * read it to *Cæcilius*. When he arrived at that Poet's house, he found him at table; and it is said that our Author, being very meanly dressed, was suffered to read the opening of his play, seated on a very low stool, near the couch of *Cæcilius*: but scarce had he repeated a few lines, than *Cæcilius* invited him to sit down to supper with him, after which Terence proceeded with his play, and finished it to the no small admiration of *Cæcilius*. His † six plays were equally admired by the Romans;

* *Read it to Cæcilius.*] *Cæcilius* died two years before the representation of the *Andrian*. It is therefore a very plausible, as well as ingenious, correction of *Vossius*, to read *Acilius*, the name of one of the *Ædiles*, the year of the exhibition of that play.

† *Six plays equally admired.*] It would not be easy to decide which of the six is the best; since

Romans; though * Volcatius in his remarks on those plays says,

Sumetur Hecyra sexta ex iis fabula.

—“The

each of them has its peculiar beauty. The Andrian and Brothers seem to excel in beauty of character; the Eunuch and Phormio, in the vivacity of intrigue: and the Self-Tormentor and Step-Mother have, in my mind, the advantage in sentiment, a lively painting of the passions, and in the purity, and delicacy of stile. DACIER.

* *Volcatius.*] Volcatius Sedigitus, a very ancient poet, though we do not precisely know the time in which he lived. In his judgment of the Comick Poets, he gives the first place to Cæcilius, the second to Plautus, the third to Nævius, the fourth to Licinius, the fifth to Atilius; and ranks Terence but the sixth. But Volcatius has done more discredit to himself by this judgment, than honour to Cæcilius, and the other writers whom he has preferred to Terence. Each of them might have some excellencies that our Author did not possess; but on the whole the Romans had no Comick Poet equal to Terence. DACIER.

———“ The Step-Mother,
 “ The last, and least in merit of the
 “ Six.

The Eunuch met with such remarkable success, that it was acted twice in one day, and Terence was paid for it * 8000 sesterces, being more than was ever paid for any comedy before; for which reason the sum is † recorded in the title of that play. Varro prefers the beginning of the Brothers to the beginning of the original of Menander.

It is pretty commonly said, that Scipio and Lælius, with whom he lived in such
 d 2 familiarity,

* 8000 *sesterces*.] About 60 l. of our money.

† *Recorded in the title.*] Not as the title now stands, which shews that the titles now come down to us are imperfect.

TANAQUIL FABER.

familiarity, * assisted our Author in his plays, and indeed Terence himself increased that suspicion, by the little pains he took to refute it, † witness the Prologue to the Brothers: though he might probably have

* *Assisted our Author.*] There might be some foundation for such a report. Both Scipio and Lælius might have assisted him in polishing his stile, and even have supplied him with many a line: being an African, he might not have so thorough a knowledge of the elegancies and beauties of the Latin language. This reasoning however is to me by no means conclusive. Phædrus was a Thracian slave, yet no one wrote more correctly or with greater purity; nor was he ever taxed with having received any assistance in his compositions: why then suspect Terence, when Suetonius, in the very beginning of his life, confesses he had been very carefully educated, and made free in his very early youth by Terentius Lucanus? DACIER.

† *Witness the Prologue in the Brothers.*] But in the Prologue to the Self-Tormentor he is not so complaisant; but flatly declares the report malicious, and intreats his Audience not to give the least credit to idle and malicious tales.

DACIER.

THE LIFE OF TERENCE. lxxvii

have acted thus, knowing that such an opinion was not unpleasing to those great men. Be that as it may, this * opinion gained ground, and has continued down to our times.

† Quintius Memmius, in an oration written in his own defence, positively declares that Scipio wrote the plays for his amusement, which he permitted Terence to father; Corn. Nepos asserts that he had

* *Opinion gained ground.*] Valgius, a contemporary Poet to Horace, expressly says,

Hæ quæ vocantur fabulæ, cujus sunt?

Non has, qui jura populis recensens dabat,

Honore summo affectus, fecit fabulas?

And whose then are these pieces?—Did not He,
Who full of honours, gave the people laws,
Compose these Comedies? DACIER.

† 2 *Memmius.*] Most probably the Grandfather to that Memmius to whom the Poem of Lucretius is inscribed. DACIER.

lxxviii THE LIFE OF TERENCE.

been informed from very good authority, that Lælius being at his Villa, at Puzzuoli, on * a certain first day of March, was requested by his Lady to sup sooner than his usual hour; but he intreated her not to interrupt his studies: Coming into supper rather late, he declared he had never employed his time in writing with better success than he had then done; and being asked what it was, † he repeated those verses in the Self-Tormentor,

*Satis pol protervè me Syri promissa huc
induxerunt.*

Santra

* *A certain first day.*] The first day of March was a holiday kept by the Roman ladies, who on that occasion claimed the privilege of being entire mistresses of their houses, and directed every thing for that day. DACIER.

† *Repeated those verses, &c.*] This may be. In the plays of Moliere perhaps might be found some lines written by his friends; yet nobody would pretend to say that those pieces were not written by Moliere. DACIER.

Santra * observes, that if Terence had needed any assistance in the composition of his plays, he † would not have applied to Scipio and Lælius, who were at that time very young, but rather to † C. Sulpicius Gallus,

* *Santra.*] An Author of the time of Julius Cæsar. He wrote a treatise on the antiquity of words, and the lives of illustrious men; but his works are all lost. DACIER.

† *Would not have applied to Scipio.*] This reasoning of Santra proves nothing: for when Terence commenced Author, Scipio was at the age of twenty-one; and besides having been extremely well educated, was possessed of an extraordinary genius. DACIER.

Pastorals and little poems may perhaps now and then be written at sixteen or eighteen, but it must be allowed that the age of twenty-one is a very early period for the production of such dramattick pieces as those of Terence. Besides, when the Andrian was first exhibited, our Author was but twenty-seven, and Madam Dacier herself tells us that he was nine years older than Scipio, who therefore could be no more than eighteen years of age, a time of life when men rather begin to be the subjects, than the cultivators of the Comick Muse.

† *C. Sulpicius Gallus.*] The same Sulpicius

lxxx THE LIFE OF TERENCE.

Gallus, a man of sound learning, and who was the first person that introduced plays at the Consular Games; or to * Marcus Popilius Lenas, or to † Q. Fabius Labeo, both men of Consular dignity, and excellent Poets. Terence himself intimates, speaking of those who were supposed to assist him, that they were not young men, but persons whose abilities had been experienced by the Publick in peace, war, and business of state.

To wipe off the aspersion of plagiarism, or perhaps to make himself a master of the

Gallus, who was consul at the time of the first exhibition of the Andrian. DACIER.

* *M. Popilius Lenas.*] Consul in the year of Rome 581, when Terence was at the age twenty-one. DACIER.

† *Q. Fabius Labeo.*] A man of very distinguished merit, who passed the offices of Quæstor, Prætor, Triumvir, Consul and High Priest; and commanded the Roman troops with reputation. History fixes his consulship in the year of Rome 570: his Colleague was M. Claud. Marcellus. Terence at that time was but ten years old.

DACIER.

THE LIFE OF TERENCE. lxxxi

the customs and manners of the Grecians, in order to delineate them the better in his writings, he left Rome in the thirty-fifth year of his age, after having exhibited the six comedies which are now extant; and he never returned more.

Volcatius speaks of his death in the following manner:

*Sed ut Afer sex populo edidit comædias,
Iter hinc in Asiam fecit: navim cum
semel
Conscendit, visus nunquam est. Sic vita
vacat.*

But Terence, having given the town six plays,

Voyag'd for Asia: but when once embark'd,

Was ne'er seen afterwards. He died at sea.

* Q. Consuetius says, that he died at sea in his return from Greece, whence he was

* Q. Consuetius.] This Author I am quite a stranger to. DACIER.

bringing

lxxxii THE LIFE OF TERENCE.

bringing * one hundred and eight plays, translated from Menander. Others again assert that he died at Stymphalus in Arcadia, during † the Consulship of Cn. Cornelius Dolabella, and M. Fulvius Nobilior, for grief, having lost the comedies he had translated, as well as those he had himself written.

He is said to have been of a middle stature, genteel, and of a swarthy complexion. He left a daughter, who was afterwards married to a Roman Knight; and at the time of his death he was possessed of an house, together with a garden, containing six acres of land on the Appian way, close

* *One hundred and eight plays.*] Menander wrote but one hundred and nine plays himself, some say but one hundred and eight, and others but one hundred and five, of which Terence had already exhibited four. The story therefore must be a mere fable. DACIER.

† *The consulship of Dolabella, &c.*] In the year of Rome 594, the year after the exhibition of the Brothers. DACIER.

THE LIFE OF TERENCE. lxxxiii

close by the Villa Martis. It is very extraordinary therefore that Portius should say,

— Nil Publius

*Scipio profuit, nil ei Lælius, nil Furius :
Tres per idem tempus qui agitabant nobiles facillime.*

*Eorum ille operâ ne domum quidem habuit
conductitiam :*

*Saltem ut esset, quo referret obitum domini
servulus.*

Nothing did Publius Scipio profit him,
Nothing did Lælius, nothing Furius,
At once the three great patrons of our
Bard ;

And yet so niggard of their bounties to
him,

He had not even wherewithal to hire
A house in Rome, to which a faithful
slave

Might bring the tidings of his master's
death.

* Afranius

lxxxiv THE LIFE OF TERENCE.

* Afranius in his † *Compitalia* prefers him to all the Comick Poets.

Terentio non similem dices quempiam.

To Terence you can shew no parallel.

But Volcatius not only places him after Nævius, Plautus, and Cæcilius, but even after † Licinius. Cicero in his § *Leimôn*, a work in which he drew the characters of the most illustrious men, speaks of Terence thus,

Tu

* *Afranius.*] A Dramatick Poet of great reputation, whose testimony is the more honourable, as he was a cotemporary of our author, though much younger. DACIER.

† *Compitalia.*] Feasts in cross-streets and ways, celebrated the second day of January, in honour of their Rural Gods, hence called *Lares*, or *Compitalitii*. AINSWORTHUS.

‡ *Licinius.*] Licinius Imbrex, who flourished in the year of Rome, 554. DACIER.

§ *Leimôn.*] a Greek word [*λειμών*] signifying a meadow. This work of Cicero contained, most probably, nothing but the praises of eminent

THE LIFE OF TERENCE. lxxxv

*Tu quoque, qui solus lecto sermone, Te-
renti,*

*Conversum expressumque Latinâ voce
Menandrum*

*In medio populi sedatis vocibus effers;
Quidquid come loquens, ac omnia dulcia
dicens.*

And thou, O Terence, couldst alone
transfuse

The Attick Graces to the Latin Tongue,
And

nent men. These beautiful verses are imitated by Ausonius, and Cæsar begins his criticism on Terence in the very same terms. For it is certain that Cæsar only undertook that task in order to imitate and contradict Cicero. DACIER.

[Vossius considers this as an *Erratum*, and tells us that this work of Tully was not called *Leimôn* but *Libo*, and was addressed to Terentius Libo, a poet of that time, and a native of Fregellæ.]

Before we conclude these notes, it will be proper to take notice of a passage in Orosius, which has misled many concerning our Poet. This historian, though none of the most correct, yet not without merit, writes thus: *Scipio jam cognomento*

And bring Menander to the ear of
Rome :

Such purity, such sweetness in thy stile!

C. Cæsar

cognomento Africanus, triumphans urbem ingressus est, quem Terentius, qui postea Comicus, ex nobilibus Carthaginiensium captivis, pileatus, quod indultæ sibi libertatis insigne fuit, triumphantem post currum secutus est. “ Scipio Africanus entered Rome in triumph, and was attended by “ Terence, one of the chief of the Carthaginian “ captives, who afterwards became the celebrated Comick Poet, wearing a cap on his head, “ as a mark of his freedom having been conferred on him.” This is undoubtedly fabulous, take it which way you will. For if Orosius means Scipio the Elder, his triumph was in the year of Rome 552, eight years before Terence was born. If he speaks of the Younger Scipio, the son of Paulus Æmilius, his triumphal entry was in the year of Rome 637, thirteen years after the death of Terence. What hurried Orosius into the mistake, is a passage in Livy, which he did not attentively examine. This great historian in his 30th book and 45th Chapter says, *Secutus Scipionem triumphantem est, pileo capiti imposito, Q. Terentius Culleo; omnique deinde vitæ, ut dignum erat, libertatis auctorem*

THE LIFE OF TERENCE. lxxxvii

C. Cæsar in like manner,

*Tu quoque, tu in summis, O dimidiata
Menander,*

Poneris, & merito, puri sermonis amator.

*Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta
foret vis*

*Comica, ut æquato virtus polleret ho-
nore*

*Cum Græcis, neque in hæc despectus
parte jaceres :*

** Unum*

autorem coluit. “ Q. Terentius Culleo fol-
“ lowed the triumphal car of Scipio on the day
“ of his publick entrance into Rome, with a
“ cap on his head, and honoured him during
“ the remainder of his life as the author of his
“ freedom.” It could not therefore be our
Terence of whom Livy is speaking. It was a
Roman senator, who having been taken prisoner
by the Carthaginians, and set free by Scipio,
determined to grace his deliverer’s triumph,
which he attended wearing the cap of liberty on
his head, by way of compliment, as if he had
indeed really received his manumission from the
hands of Scipio. DACIER.

lxxxviii THE LIFE OF TERENCE.

* *Unum hoc maceror & doleo tibi deesse,
Terenti.*

And Thou, oh Thou among the first
be plac'd,

Ay and deservedly, thou Half-Me-
nander!

Lover of purest dialogue. — And
oh,

That Humour had gone hand in hand
with ease

In all thy writings! that thy muse might
stand

In equal honour with the Grecian
stage,

Nor Thou be robb'd of more than half
thy fame!

— This only I lament, and this, I
grieve,

There's wanting in thee, Terence!

* *Unum maceror, &c.] Valeat Sedigitus,
nos Afranio assentiri non pigeat, ac Terentium
omnibus præstitisse Comici credamus; neque
vim illam comicam, quam ei unam defuisse dolet
Cæsar (si modo sunt illa Cæsar's carmina) deside-
remus. Nihil illi defuit: omnia quæ Comico
Poetæ præstanda sunt, præstitit.*

FRANCISCUS ASULANUS.

T H E

A N D R I A N.

VOL. I.

B

ANDRIA

T H E A N D R I A N ;

Acted

* *The Andrian.*] There is much controversy among the Criticks, whether the Andrian was the first play, which Terence produced, or only the first of those which have come down to our times. Donatus positively asserts it to be our author's first production, and adds that the favourable reception it met with, encouraged him to go on in writing for the Stage. He tells us also that this Piece was entitled "The Andrian of Terence," and not "Terence's Andrian," according to the custom of the Romans, who placed the name of the Play first, if it was written by an author, yet unknown in the Theatrical world, but placed the author's name first in the title, if it was one already celebrated. Madam Dacier is of a contrary opinion, and thinks that the introductory lines of the Prologue make it evident that Terence had written before. These inquiries are little more than mere matter of curiosity. For my part, I am rather inclined to the opinion of Donatus. The objections of Lavinus, which Terence in his Prologue endeavours to refute, are entirely confined to this play: and that it was possible for Lavinus to have seen the manuscript before the representation, is evident from the Prologue to the Eunuch, where Terence directly charges that circumstance to his adversary. The concluding lines of the Prologue speak the language of an author, new in the Drama, much stronger than those in the beginning denote his having written before. It may be remembered also, that Terence was no more than 27 years of age at the time of the first representation of this comedy.

Both the English and French Theatres have borrowed the Fable of this Play. Sir Richard Steele has raised on that foundation his Comedy of the Conscious Lovers; and Baron has adopted even the Title. It is proposed to throw out some observations on each of these Pieces, and to compare them with Terence's Comedy, in the course of these notes.

Acted at the MEGALESIAN GAMES, *

M. Fulvius and M. Glabrio, Curule Ædiles : † Principal Actors, L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attilius Prænестinus : The Musick, † composed for Equal Flutes, Right and Left-handed, by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius : It is wholly Grecian : § Published, M. Marcellus and Cn. Sulpicius, Consuls.

Year of Rome - - - 587

Before Christ - - - 162

Author's Age - - - 27

* The Megalesian Games were those instituted in honour of the Superior Gods.

† The Ædiles were Magistrates of Rome, whose office it was to take care of the city, its publick Buildings, &c. to regulate the market, and to preside at solemn games, publick entertainments, &c.

‡ No part of the history of the antient Drama is more obscure, than that which relates to the Musick. A short extract from Donatus will serve to give some explanation of the phrases used in the above title.

“ They were acted to Flutes equal or unequal, right
“ or left-handed. The Right-handed, or Lydian, by
“ their grave tone, denounced the serious stile of the
“ comedy. The Left-handed, or Tyrian, by their
“ light sharp sound, denoted the vivacity of the piece.
“ But when the play was said to be acted to both
“ Right and Left-handed, it denoted it to be Serio-
“ Comick.

§ *It is wholly Grecian.*] That is, that species of Comedy, which was called *Palliata*; in which the Habits, Manners, and Arguments, were all Grecian.

TO THE
STUDENTS OF CHRIST CHURCH,
OXFORD,
THE FOLLOWING COMEDY,
TRANSLATED FROM TERENCE,
IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED,
BY THEIR MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,
AND FELLOW-STUDENT,

GEORGE COLMAN.

P E R S O N S.

PROLOGUE.

SIMO.

PAMPHILUS.

CHREMES.

CHARINUS.

CRITO.

SOSIA.

DAVUS.

BYRRHIA.

DROMO.

SERVANTS, &c.

GLYCERIUM.

MYSIS.

LESBIA.

ARCHYLLIS.

SCENE, ATHENS,

PROLOGUE.

THE Bard, when first he gave his mind to
write,

Thought it his only business, that his Plays
Shou'd please the people : But it now falls out,
He finds, much otherwise, and wastes, perforce,
His time in writing Prologues ; not to tell
The argument, but to refute the slanders
Broach'd by the malice of an older Bard. *

And mark what vices he is charg'd withall !
Menander wrote the Andrian and Perinthian : †
Know one, and you know both ; in argument
Less diff'rent than in sentiment and stile.

What suited with the Andrian he confesses
From the Perinthian he transferr'd, and us'd
For his : and this it is these sland'ers blame,

B 4

Proving

* *Of an older Bard.*] This old Arch-adversary of Terence was, according to Donatus, Lucius Lavinus ; but, according to Madam Dacier, Luscius Lanuvius.

† *Menander wrote the Andrian and Perinthian.*] From this account it is plain, that Terence did not in this play weave two different stories of Menander together in that vicious manner which is generally imputed to him : but that the argument of these two plays being nearly the same, Terence having pitched upon the Andrian for the Groundwork of his Fable, enriched it with such parts of the Perinthian, as naturally fell in with that plan. We are told by Donatus, that the first scene of our Author's Andrian, is almost a literal translation of the first scene of the Perinthian of Menander, in which the Old Man discoursed with his wife, just as Simo does with Sofia. In the Andrian of Menander the Old Man opened with a soliloquy.

The Perinthian, as well as the Andrian, took it's name from the place the woman came from ; viz. Perinthus, a town of Thrace.

P R O L O G U E.

Proving by deep and learned disputation,
 That Fables shou'd not be contaminated.
 Troth ! all their knowledge is they nothing know :
 Who, blaming him, blame * Nævius, Plautus,
 Ennius,
 Whose great example is his precedent ;
 Whose negligence he'd wish to emulate
 Rather than *their* dark diligence. Henceforth,
 Let them, I give them warning, be at peace,
 And cease to rail, lest they be made to know
 Their own misdeeds. Be favourable ! fit
 With equal mind, and hear our play ; that hence
 Ye may conclude, what hope to entertain,
 The comedies he may hereafter write
 Shall merit approbation or contempt.

* *Nævius, Plautus, Ennius.*] These poets are not mentioned here in exact chronological order, Ennius being elder than Plautus. The first author, who brought a regular play on the Roman stage, is said to have been Livius Andronicus, about the year of Rome 510, and one year before the birth of Ennius. Five years after the representation of the first play of Andronicus, or as some say nine, Nævius wrote for the stage. Then followed Ennius, Plautus, Pacuvius, Cæcilius, Porcius Licinius, Terence, and his cotemporary and adversary Lucius Lavinius, Accius, Afranius, &c. Of all these, many of whom were very eminent writers, we have scarce any remains, except of Plautus and Terence : and what is still more to be lamented, the inestimable Greek Authors, whose writings were the rich source, whence they drew their fable, characters, &c. are also irrecoverably lost.

T H E

THE ANDRIAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SIMO, SOSIA, *and Servants with Provisions.*

Simo. CARRY these things in: go!
[*Ex. Servants.**]

Sofia, come here;

A Word with you!

Sofia.

* [*Exeunt Servants.*] The want of marginal directions, however trifling they may at first light appear, has occasioned, as it necessarily must, much confusion and obscurity in several passages of the antient Dramatick Writers: and is a defect in the manuscripts, and old editions of those authors in the learned languages, which has in vain been attempted to be supplied by long notes of laborious commentators, and delineations of the figures of the characters employed in each scene. This simple method of illustrating the dialogue, and rendering it clear and intelligible to the most ordinary reader, I propose to pursue throughout this translation: And I cannot better enforce the utility of this practice, than by a few extracts from a very ingenious treatise on Dramatick Poetry, written in French by *Monf. Diderot*, and annexed to his Play, called the *Father of a Family*.

“ The *Pantomime* is a part of the Drama, to which the author ought to pay the most serious attention: for if it is not always present to him, he can neither begin, nor conduct, nor end a scene according to truth and nature; and the action should frequently be written down instead of dialogue.

Sofia. I understand: that thele
Be ta'en due care of. *

Simo. Quite another thing.

Sofia. What can my art do more for you?

Simo. This business
Needs not that art; but those good qualities,
Which I have ever known abide in you,
Fidelity and secrecy.

Sofia. I wait
Your pleasure.

Simo. Since I bought you from a boy
How just and mild a servitude you've pass'd
With me, you're conscious: from a purchas'd slave
I made

"The *Pantomime* should be written down, whenever it creates a picture; whenever it gives energy, or clearness, or connection to the Dialogue; whenever it paints character; whenever it consists in a delicate play, which the reader cannot himself supply; whenever it stands in the place of an answer; and almost always at the Beginning of a scene.

"Whether a poet has *written down* the *Pantomime* or not, it is easy to discover at first sight, whether he has *composed* after it. The conduct of the piece will not be the same; the scenes will have another turn; the Dialogue will relish of it."

Moliere, as this ingenious Critick observes, has always written down the *Pantomime*, (as he phrases it) and Terence seems plainly to have had it always in his view, and to have paid a constant attention to it in his compositions, though he has not set it down in words.

* *Be ta'en due care of.*] *Nempe ut curentur recte hæc.* Madam Dacier will have it that *Simo* here makes use of a kitchen-term in the word *curentur*. I believe it rather means to take care of any thing generally; and at the conclusion of this very scene, *Sofia* uses the word again speaking of things very foreign to cookery. *Sat. est, CURABO.*

I made you free, because you serv'd me freely :
The greatest recompence I cou'd bestow.

Sofia. I do remember.

Simo. Nor do I repent.

Sofia. If I have ever done, or now do aught
That's pleasing to you, Simo, I am glad,
And thankful that you hold my Service good.
And yet this troubles me : for this detail,
Forcing your kindness on my memory,
Seems to reproach me of ingratitude. *

Oh tell me then at once, what wou'd you ? Sir !

Simo. I will ; and this I must advise you first :
The nuptial you suppose preparing now,
Is all unreal.

Sofia. Why pretend it then ? [thus

Simo. You shall hear all from first to last : † and
The conduct of my son, my own intent,

And

* *Seems to reproach me of ingratitude.*] There is a beautiful passage in the Duke of Milan of Massinger very similar to the above. The situations of the persons are somewhat alike, Sforza being on the point of opening his mind to Francisco. The English Poet has with great address transferred the sentiment from the inferior to the superior character, which certainly adds to it's delicacy.

Sforza.—I have ever found you true and thankful,
Which makes me love the building I have rais'd,
In your advancement ; and repent no grace,
I have conferr'd upon you : And, believe me,
Tho' now I should repeat my favours to you,
It is not to upbraid you ; but to tell you,
I find you're worthy of them, in your love
And service to me.

† *You shall hear all, &c.*] “ Terence stands alone
in every thing, but especially in his narrations. It is
a pure

And what part you're to act, you'll know at once.
 For my son, *Sofia*, now to manhood grown, *
 Had freer scope of living : for before
 How might you know, or how indeed divine
 His disposition, good or ill, while youth,
 Fear, and a master, all constrain'd him?

Sofia. True.

Simo. Though most, as is the bent of youth apply
 Their Mind to some one object, horses, hounds,
 Or to the study of philosophy; †

Yet

a pure and transparent stream which flows always evenly, and takes neither swiftness nor noise, but that which it derives from it's course and the ground it runs over. No wit, no display of sentiment, not a sentence that wears an epigrammatical air, none of those definitions always out of place, except in *Nicole* or *Rochefoucault*. When he generalizes a maxim, it is in so simple and popular a manner, you would believe it to be a common proverb which he has quoted : Nothing but what belongs to the subject. I have read this poet over and over with attention ; there are in him no superfluous scenes, nor any thing superfluous in the scenes. *DIDEROT*.

This being the first narration in our author, and exceedingly beautiful, I could not help transcribing the foregoing passage from the French Treatise above-mentioned. The narrations in the Greek Tragedies have been long and justly admired ; and from this and many other parts of Terence, taken from Greek authors, we may fairly conclude that their Comedies were equally excellent in that particular.

* *Now to manhood grown.*] *Postquam excessit ex Ephebis.* The *Ephebia* was the first stage of youth, and youth the last stage of boyhood. *DONATUS.*

† *Or to the study of philosophy.*] It was at that age that the Greeks applied themselves to the study of philosophy, and chose out some particular sect, to which they

Yet none of these, beyond the rest, did he
Pursue; and yet, in moderation, all.

I was o'erjoy'd.

Sofia. And not without good cause.

For this I hold to be the Golden Rule [thing.*
Of Life, Too much of one Thing's good for no-

Simo. So did he shape his life to bear himself
With ease and frank good-humour unto all;
Mixt in what company so'er, to them
He wholly did resign himself; and join'd
In the'r pursuits, opposing nobody.
Nor e'er assuming to himself: and thus
With ease, and free from envy, may you gain
Praise, and conciliate friends.

Sofia. He rul'd his life

By prudent maxims: for as times go now,
Compliance raises friends, and truth breeds hate.

Simo. Meanwhile, 'tis now about three years ago,†
A cer-

they attached themselves. Plato's Dialogues give us
sufficient light into that custom. DACIER.

* *Too much of one thing's good for nothing.*] *Ne quid
nimis.* A sentiment not unbecoming a servant, because
it is common, and is therefore not put into the mouth
of the master. DONATUS.

Though the Commentators are full of admiration of
this golden saying, "Do nothing to excess," yet it is
plain that Terence introduces it here as a *characteristick*
sentiment. *Sofia* is a dealer in old sayings. The
very next time he opens his mouth, he utters ano-
ther. I thought it necessary therefore, for the sake of
the preservation of character, to translate this antient
proverb by one of our own, though the modern maxim
is not express'd with equal elegance.

† *'Tis now about three Years ago.*] The mention of
this distance of time is certainly artful, as it affords
time

A certain woman from the isle of Andros,
 Came o'er to settle in this neighbourhood,
 By poverty and cruel kindred driv'n :
 Handsome and young.

Sofia. Ah ! I begin to fear
 Some mischief from this Andrian.

Simo. At first
 Modest and thriftily, tho' poor, she liv'd, *
 With her own hands a homely livelihood
 Scarce earning from the distaff and the loom.
 But when a lover came, with promis'd gold,
 Another, and another, as the mind
 Falls easily from labour to delight,
 She took their offers, and set up the trade.
 They, who were then her chief gallants, by chance
 Drew thither, as oft happens with young men,
 My son to join their company. So, so !

Said

time for all the events, previous to the opening of the piece, to have happened with the strictest probability. The comment of Donatus on this passage is curious.

The author hath artfully said three years, when he might have given a longer or a shorter period. Since it is probable that the woman might have lived modestly one year ; set up the trade the next, and died the third. In the first year, therefore, Pamphilus knew nothing of the family of Chrysis ; in the second, he became acquainted with Glycerium ; and in the third, Glycerium marries Pamphilus, and finds her parents. DONATUS.

* *Modest and thriftily, &c.]* It is absolutely necessary that the reputation of Glycerium should be supposed to be spotless and unblemished : and as she could never be *made an honest woman*, if it were not clear that she was so before marriage, Chrysis, with whom she lived, is partly to be defended, partly to be praised ;
 whom

Said I within myself, he's smit! he has it! *
 And in the morning as I saw their servants
 Run to and fro, I'd often call, Here, Boy!
 Prithee, now, who had Chrysis yesterday?
 The name of this same Andrian.

Sofia. I take you.

Simo. Phædrus they said, Clinia, or Niceratus,
 For all these three then follow'd her.—Well, well,
 But what of Pamphilus?—Of Pamphilus!
 He sapt, and paid his reck'ning.—I was glad.
 Another day I made the like enquiry,
 But still found nothing touching Pamphilus.
 Thus I believ'd his virtue prov'd, and hence
 Thought him a miracle of continence:
 For he who struggles with such spirits, yet
 Holds in that commerce an unshaken mind,
 May well be trusted with the governance
 Of his own conduct. Nor was I alone
 Delighted with his life, † but all the the world
 With one accord said all goods things, and prais'd
 My happy fortunes, who possess a son

So

whom although it is necessary to confess to be a courtesan, yet her behaviour is rendered as excusable as such a circumstance will admit. DONATUS.

* *He's smit! he has it.*] *Captus est, habet.* Terms from the Gladiators. DACIER.

† *But all the world, &c.*] There is a beautiful sentiment uttered by Manoa in the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton, which seems to be partly borrowed from this passage in our author.

— — — — I gain'd a son,
 And such a son, as all men hail'd me happy;
 Who would be now a Father in my stead!

So good, so lib'rally dispos'd—In short
 Chremes, seduc'd by this fine character,
 Came of his own accord, to offer me
 His only daughter with a handsome portion
 In marriage with my son. I lik'd the match;
 Betroth'd my son; and this was pitch'd upon,
 By joint agreement for the Wedding-Day.

Sofia. And what prevents it's being so?

Simo. I'll tell you.

In a few days, the treaty still on foot,
 This neighbour Chrysis dies.

Sofia. In happy hour:

Happy for you! I was afraid of Chrysis.

Simo. My son, on this event, was often there
 With those who were the late gallants of Chrysis;
 Assisted to prepare the funeral,
 Ever condol'd, and sometimes wept with them.
 'This pleas'd me then; for in myself I thought,
 * Since merely for a small acquaintance-sake

He

* *Since merely, &c.*] 'Tis strange, the Criticks have
 never discovered a similar sentiment to this in Shake-
 speare. When Valentine in Twelfth-Night reports the
 unconquerable grief of Olivia for the loss of a brother,
 the Duke observes upon it,

Oh, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will She love, when the rich golden shaft,
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 That live in her?

Common sense directs us for the most part, to regard
Resemblances in great writers, not as the pilferings, or
 frugal acquisitions of needy art, but as the honest
 fruits

He takes this woman's death so nearly what
 If he himself had lov'd? What wou'd he feel
 For me, his father? All these things, I thought,
 Were but the tokens and the offices
 Of a humane and tender disposition.
 In short, on his account, e'en I myself*
 Attend the funeral, suspecting yet
 No harm.

Sofia. And what—

Simo. You shall hear all. The Corpse
 Born forth, we follow: when among the women,
 Attending there, I chanc'd to cast my eyes
 Upon one girl, in form—

Sofia. Not bad, perhaps.— [Sofia!

Simo. And look; so modest, and so beauteous,
 That nothing cou'd exceed it. As she seem'd
 To grieve beyond the rest; and as her air
 Appear'd more liberal and ingenuous,
 I went, and ask'd her women, who she was.
 Sister, they said, to Chrysis: when at once
 It struck my mind; So! so! the secret's out;
 Hence were those tears, and hence all that com-
 passion!

Sofia. Alas! I fear how this affair will end!

Simo. Meanwhile the funeral proceeds: we follow;
 Come to the sepulchre: the Body's plac'd
 Upon

fruits of Genius, the free and liberal bounties of
 unenvying Nature.

HURD's *Discourse on Poetical Imitation.*—

* *I myself, &c.*] A complaisant father, to go to
 the funeral of a courtesan, merely to oblige his son.
 COOKE.

Upon the pile, lamented: Whereupon
 This Sister, I was speaking of, all wild,
 Ran to the flames with peril of her life.
 Then! there! the frightened Pamphilus betrays
 His well-dissembled and long-hidden love:
 Runs up, and takes her round the waist, and cries,
 Oh my Glycerium! what is it you do?
 Why, why endeavour to destroy yourself?
 Then she in such a manner, that you thence
 Might easily perceive their long, long, love,
 Threw herself back into his arms, and wept,
 Oh how familiarly!

Sofia. How say you!

Simo. I

Return in anger thence, and hurt at heart,
 Yet had not cause sufficient for reproof.
 What have I done? he'd say: or how deserv'd
 Reproach? or how offended, Father?—Her,
 Who meant to cast herself into the flames,
 I stopt. A fair excuse!

Sofia. You're in the right: *

For him, who sav'd a life, if you reprove,
 What will you do to him that offers wrong? [mer]

Simo. Chremes next day came open-mouth'd to
 Oh monstrous! he had found that Pamphilus
 Was married to this Stranger-Woman. † I

Deny

* *You're in the right.*] Nothing can mark the flat
 simplicity of *Sofia's* character stronger than the in-
 sipidity of this speech.

† *Was married to this Stranger-Woman.*] The
 Greeks and Romans made use of this expression to
 signify a *Courtezán*; and I believe they borrowed that
 term from the people of the east; as we find it used in
 that

Deny the fact most steadily, and he
As steadily insists. In short we part
On such bad terms, as let me understand
He wou'd refuse his daughter.

Sofia. Did not you
Then take your son to task?

Simo. Not even this
Appear'd sufficient for reproof.

Sofia. How so? [you know,

Simo. Father, (he might have said) You have,
Prescrib'd a term to all these things yourself.
The time is near at hand, when I must live
According to the humour of another.

Meanwhile, permit me now to please my own!

Sofia. What cause remains to chide him then?

Simo. If he

Refuses, on account of this amour,
To take a wife, such obstinate denial
Must be considered as his first offence.
Wherefore I now, from this mock-nuptial,
Endeavour to draw real cause to chide:
And that same rascal Davus, if he's plotting,
That he may let his counsel run to waste,
Now, when his knaveries can do no harm:
Who, I believe, with all his might and main
Will strive to cross my purposes; and that
More to plague me, than to oblige my son.

Sofia. Why so?

Simo.

that sense in the books of the Old Testament. DACIER.

Donatus seems to think the word used here merely
as a contemptuous expression.

Simo. Why so! Bad mind, bad heart: * But if I catch him at his tricks!—But what need words?—If, as I wish it may, it shou'd appear That Pamphilus objects not to the match, Chremes remains to be prevail'd upon, And will, I hope, consent. 'Tis now your place To counterfeit these nuptials cunningly; To frighten Davus; and observe my son, What he's about, what plots they hatch together.

Sofia. Enough; I'll take due care. Let's now go in!

Simo. Go first; I'll follow you. [*Exit Sofia. †* Beyond

* *Bad mind, bad heart.*] *Mala mens, malus animus.* *Animus*, the heart conceives the bad actions, and *Mens*, the mind, devises the means of carrying them into execution. DACIER.

† *Exit Sofia.*] Here we take our last leave of *Sofia*, who is in the language of the commentators, a *Protatick Personage*, that is, as Donatus explains it, one who appears only once in the beginning (the *Protasis*) of the piece, for the sake of unfolding the argument, and is never seen again in any part of the play. The narration being ended, says Donatus, the character of *Sofia* is no longer necessary. He therefore departs, and leaves *Simo* alone to carry on the action. With all due deference to the antients, I cannot help thinking this method, if too constantly practised, as I think it is in our author, rather inartificial. Narration, however beautiful, is certainly the deadeft part of theatrical compositions; it is indeed, strictly speaking, scarce Dramatick, and strikes the least in the representation: and the too frequent introduction of a character, to whom a principal person in the Fable is to relate in confidence the circumstances previous to the opening of the play, is surely too direct a manner of conveying that information to the audience.

Beyond all doubt
 My son's averse to take a wife; I saw
 How frighten'd Davus was, but even now,
 When he was told a nuptial was preparing
 But here he comes.

SCENE

ence. Every thing of this nature should come obliquely, fall in a manner by accident, or be drawn, as it were, perforce, from the parties concerned, in the course of the action: a practice, which if reckoned highly beautiful in Epick, may be almost set down as absolutely necessary in Dramatick Poetry. It is, however, more adviseable even to seem tedious, than to hazard being obscure. Terence certainly opens his plays with great address, and assigns a probable reason for one of the parties being so communicative to the other; and yet it is too plain that this narration is made merely for the sake of the audience, since there never was a duller hearer than master Sofia, and it never appears in the sequel of the Play, that Simo's instructions to him are of the least use to frighten Davus, or work upon Pamphilus. Yet even this *Protatick Personage* is one of the instances of Terence's art, since it was often usual in the Roman Comedy, as may be seen even in Plautus, to make the relation of the argument the exprefs office of the Prologue.

Sir Richard Steele has opened the Conscious Lovers in direct imitation of the Andrian, but has unfolded the argument with much less art, as will perhaps appear in the course of the notes on this act. In this place it is sufficient to observe, that the delineation of the characters in the English author is infinitely inferior to that of those in the Roman. Simo is the most finished character in the play. Sir John Bevil, I fear, is but an insignificant personage. Humphry, while he has all the plainness and dullness of Sofia, possesses neither his fidelity nor secrecy; for he goes between the father and the son, and in some measure betrays both.

S C E N E II.

*Enter DAVUS.**

Davus to himself.] I thought 'twere wonderful
If this affair went off so easily ;
And dreaded where my master's great good-humour
Wou'd end at last : Who, after he perceiv'd
The Lady was refus'd, ne'er said a word
To any of us, nor e'er took it ill.

Simo, behind.] But now he will ; to your cost
too, I warrant you ! [nose

Davus. This was his scheme ; to lead us by the
In a false dream of joy ; then all agape
With hope, even then that we were most secure,
To have o'erwhelm'd us, nor have giv'n us time
To cast about which way to break the match.
Cunning old Gentleman !

Simo. What says the Rogue ?

Davus. My master, and I did not see him !

Simo. Davus ! [him.

Davus. Well ! what now ? [pretending not to see

Simo. Here ! this way !

Davus. What can he want ? [to himself:

Simo, overhearing.] What say you ?

Davus. Upon what ? Sir !

Simo. Upon what !

The world reports that my son keeps a mistress.

Davus.

* *Davus.*] Sir Richard Steele has modernized the
characters of Davus and Mysis with great elegance and
humour in his sprightly Footman and Chambermaid,
Tom and Phillis.

Davus. Oh, to be sure, the world cares much

Simo. D'ye mind what I say? Sirrah! [for that.

Davus. Nothing more, Sir.

Simo. But for me now to dive into these matters
May seem perhaps like too severe a father:

For all his youthful pranks concern not me.

While 'twas in season, he had my free leave

To take his swing of pleasure. But to-day

Brings on another stage of life, and asks

For other manners: wherefore I desire,

Or, if you please, I do beseech you, *Davus*,

To set him right again.

Davus. What means all this?

Simo. All, who are fond of mistresses, dislike
The thoughts of matrimony.

Davus. So they say.

Simo. And then, if such a person entertains
An evil counsellor in those affairs,

He tampers with the mind, and makes bad worse.

Davus. Troth, I don't comprehend one word of

Simo. No? [this.

Davus. No, I'm *Davus*, and not *Oedipus*.

Simo. Then for the rest I have to say to you,
You chuse I should speak plainly.

Davus. By all means.

Simo. If I discover then, that in this match
You get to your dog's tricks to break it off,
Or try to shew how shrewd a rogue you are,
I'll have you beat to mummy, and then thrown

* In

* In prison, Sirrah! upon this condition,
That when I take you out again, I swear
To grind there in your stead. D'ye take me now?
Or don't you understand this neither?

Davus. Clearly.

You have spoke out at last: the very thing!
Quite plain and home; and nothing round about.

Simo. I could excuse your tricks in any thing,
Rather than this.

Davus. Good words! I beg of you.

Simo. You laugh at me: well, well!—I give
you warning,

That you do nothing rashly, nor pretend
You was not advertis'd of this—Take heed! [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

DAVUS.

† Troth, Davus, 'tis high time to look about you;
N6

* *In Prison.*] *Te in pistrinum, Dave, dedam.*
The prison mentioned here, and in many other passages
of our author, was a kind of House of Correction
for slaves, to which they were sent to grind corn, as
disorderly persons are made to beat hemp in our
Bridewell.

† *Troth, Davus, &c.*] This, says Donatus, is a
short and comick deliberation, calculated to excite the
attention of the audience to the impending events;
artfully relating part of the argument, but in order
to prepare the events without anticipating them, repre-
senting the circumstances of the story as fabulous;
and in order to enliven it, passing from dry narration
to mimicry.

How much more artful is the conduct of Terence
in this place than that of Sir Richard Steele in the
Conscious

No room for sloth, as far as I can sound
 The sentiments of our old gentleman
 About this marriage; which if not fought off,
 And cunningly, spoils me, or my poor master.
 I know not what to do; nor can resolve
 To help the son, or to obey the father.
 If I desert poor Pamphilus, alas!

I tremble for his life; if I assist him,
 I dread his father's threats: a shrewd old Cuff,
 Not easily deceiv'd. For first of all,
 He knows of this amour; and watches me
 With jealous eyes, lest I devise some trick
 To break the match. If he discovers it,
 Woe to poor Davus! nay, if he's inclin'd
 To punish me, he'll seize on some pretence
 To throw me into prison, right or wrong.
 Another mischief is, this Andrian,
 Mistress or wife, 's with child by Pamphilus.
 And do but mark their confidence! 'tis sure
 * The dotage of mad people, not of lovers.
 Whate'er she shall bring forth, they have resolv'd
 † To educate: and have among themselves

Devis'd

Conscious Lovers, who besides the long narration,
 with which the play opens, has obliged the patient
 Humphrey to hear a second story, with which he has
 burthened the conclusion of his first act, from young
 Bevil.

* *The dotage, &c.*] *Inceptio est amentium, haud
 amantium.* A play upon words, impossible to be ex-
 actly preserved in the translation.

† *To educate.*] *Decreverunt tollere.* The word
tollere strictly signifies *to take up*, and alludes to the
 custom of those times. As soon as a child was born,

Devis'd the strangest story! that Glycerium
 Is an Athenian citizen. " There was
 " Once on a time a certain merchant, shipwreckt
 " Upon the isle of Andros; there he died:
 " And Chrysis' father took this Orphan-wreck,
 " Then but an infant, under his protection."
 Ridiculous! 'tis all romance to me:
 And yet the story pleases them. And see!
 Mysis comes forth. But I must to the* Forum
 To look for Pamphilus, for fear his father
 Should find him first, and take him unawares. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter MYSIS. [*Speaking to a servant within.*]

I hear, Archillis; I hear what you say:
 You beg me to bring Lesbica. By my troth
 That Lesbica is a drunken wretch, hot-headed,
 Nor worthy to be trusted with a woman
 In her first labour.—Well, well! she shall come.
 —Observe how earnest the old Gossip is, [*Coming*
Because this Lesbica is her pot companion. [forward.
 —Oh grant my mistress, Heav'n, a safe delivery,
 And

it was laid on the ground; and if the father was willing to educate it, he ordered it to be taken up: but if he said nothing, it was a token signifying that he would have it exposed. DACIER.

* *The Forum.*] The Forum is very frequently spoken of in the Comick authors; and from various passages in which Terence mentions it, it may be collected, that it was a publick place, serving the several purposes of a market, the seat of the Courts of Justice, a publick walk, and an Exchange.

And let the midwife trespass any where
 Rather than here!—But what is it I see?
 Pamphilus all disorder'd : How I fear
 The cause! I'll wait a while, that I may know
 If this commotion means us any ill.

S C E N E V.

* PAMPHILUS, MYSIS *behind*.

Pam. Is this well done? or like a man?—Is this
 The action of a father?

Mysis. What's the matter? [wrong

Pam. Oh all ye Pow'rs of heav'n and earth, what's
 If this is not so?—If he was determin'd
 That I to-day should marry, should I not
 Have had some previous notice?—ought not He
 To have inform'd me of it long ago?

Mysis. Alas! what's this I hear?

Pam. And Chremes too,
 Who had refus'd to trust me with his daughter,
 * Changes his mind, because I change not mine.

Can

* *Pamphilus.*] The two most beautiful characters in
 this play, in my opinion, are the Father and Son. It
 has already been observed how much Sir Richard Steele
 falls short of Terence in delineating the first; and I
 must own, though Bevil is plainly the most laboured
 character in the Conscious Lovers, I think it inferior to
 Pamphilus. The particular differences in their cha-
 racter I propose to point out in the course of these
 notes: at present I shall only observe in general, that,
 of the two, Bevil is the more cool and refined, Pam-
 philus the more natural and pathetick.

† *Changes his mind, &c.*] *Id mutavit, quia me im-*
mutatum videt. The verb *immutare* in other Latin au-
 thors,

Can he then be so obstinately bent
 To tear me from Glycerium? To lose her
 Is losing life.—Was ever man so crost,
 So curst as I?—Oh Pow'rs of heav'n and earth!
 Can I by no means fly from this alliance
 With Chremes' family?—so oft contemn'd
 And held in scorn!—all done, concluded all!—
 Rejected, then recall'd:—and why?—unless,
 For so I must suspect, † they breed some monster:
 Whom

thors, and even in other parts of Terence himself, signifies *to change*: as in the Phormio, Antipho says *Non possum immutari*. “I cannot *be changed*.” But here the sense absolutely requires that *immutatum* should be rendered *not changed*. Madam Dacier endeavours to reconcile this, according to a conjecture of her father's, by shewing that *immutatus* stands for *immutabilis*; as *immutus* for *immobilis*, *invictus* for *invincibilis*, &c. But these examples do not remove the difficulty; since those participles always bear a negative sense, which *immutatus* does not: and thence arises all the difficulty. Terence certainly uses the verb *immutare* both negatively and positively, as is plain from this passage and the above passage from the Phormio: and I dare say with strict propriety. In our own language we have instances of the same word bearing two senses directly opposite to each other. The word *Let* for instance is used in the contradictory meanings, of *permission* and *prohibition*. The modern acceptation of the word is indeed almost entirely confined to the first sense; though we say even at this day *without let or molestation*. Shakespeare in Hamlet, says,

I'll make a Ghost of him that *lets* me.

that is, *stops, prevents, hinders* me, which is directly opposite to the modern use of the word.

† *They breed some monster.*] *Aliquid monstri alunt.*
 Dacier

Whom as they can obtrude on no one else,
They bring to me.

Myss. Alas, alas! this speech
Has struck me almost dead with fear.

Pam. And then
My father!—what to say of him?—Oh shame!
A thing of so much consequence to treat
So negligently!—For but even now
Passing me in the Forum, Pamphilus!
To-day's your wedding-day, said He: Prepare;
Go, get you home!—This sounded in my ears
As if he said, Go, hang yourself!—I stood
Confounded. Think you I could speak one word?
Or offer an excuse, how weak soe'er?
No, I was dumb:—and had I been aware,
Should any ask what I'd have done, I would,
Rather than this, do any thing.—But now
What to resolve upon?—So many cares
Entangle me at once, and rend my mind,
Pulling it diff'rent ways. My love, compassion,
This urgent match, my rev'rence for my father,
Who yet has ever been so gentle to me,
And held so slack a rein upon my pleasures.
—And I oppose him?—Racking thought!—Ah me!
I know not what to do.

Myss. Alas, I fear
Where this uncertainty will end. 'Twere best

He

Dacier and some others imagine these words to signify some plot that is hatching. Donatus and the commentators on him interpret them as referring to the woman, which is the sense I have followed; and I think the next sentence confirms this interpretation.

He should confer with her ; or I at least
 Speak touching her to him. * For while the mind
 Hangs in suspense, a trifle turns the scale.

Pam. Who's there ? what, Myfis ! Save you !

Myfis. Save you ! Sir. [*Coming forwards.*]

Pam. How does she ?

Myfis. How ! † oppress'd with wretchedness.

To-day supremely wretched, as to-day
 Was formerly appointed for your wedding.
 And then she fears lest you desert her.

Pam. I !

Desert

* *For while the mind, &c.] Dum in dubio est animus, paulo momento huc illuc impellitur.* Dacier thinks that these words allude to scales, which sense I have adopted in the translation ; but I rather think with Donatus that they refer to any great weight, which while it is yet unfixt, and hangs in suspense, is driven by the slightest touch here or there. In the beautiful story of Myrrha in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, there is a passage, which the Commentators with great justice suppose to be an imitation of this sentence.

— — — — — *Utque securi,
 Saucia trabs ingens, ubi plaga novissima restat,
 Quo cadat, in dubio est, omniq; à parte timetur;
 Sic animus vario labefactus vulnere nutat
 Huc levis atq; illuc, momentaq; sumit utroque.*

† *Oppress'd with wretchedness.] Laborat e dolore.* Though the word *laborat* has tempted Donatus and the rest of the Commentators to suppose that this sentence signified Glycerium's being in labour, I cannot help concurring with Cooke, that it means simply, that she is weighed down with grief. The words immediately subsequent corroborate this interpretation : and at the conclusion of the scene, when Myfis tells him, she is going for a midwife, Pamphilus hurries her away as he would naturally have done here, had he understood by these words, that her mistress was in labour.

Desert her? Can I think on't? or deceive
A wretched maid, who trusted to my care
Her life and honour! Her, whom I have held
Near to my heart, and cherish'd as my wife?
Or leave her modest and well-nurtur'd mind
Through want to be corrupted? Never, never.

Myfis. No doubt, did it depend on you alone;
But if constrain'd—

Pam. Do you think me then so vile?
Or so ungrateful, so inhuman, savage,
Neither long intercourse, nor love, nor shame,
Can make me keep my faith?

Myfis. I only know
That she deserves you should remember her.

Pam. I should remember her? Oh, *Myfis*, *Myfis*!
The words of *Chrysis* touching my *Glycerium*
Are written in my heart. On her death-bed
She call'd me. I approach'd her. You retir'd.
We were alone; and *Chrysis* thus began.
My *Pamphilus*, you see the youth and beauty
Of this unhappy maid: and well you know,
These are but feeble guardians to preserve
Her fortune or her fame. By this right hand
I do beseech you, * by your better angel,

By

* *By your better angel.*] *Per Genium tuum.* Most editors give *Ingenium*: but as Bentley observes, this [*per Genium*] was the most usual way of adjuring; and there is a passage in Horace, plainly imitated from this in our author, where the measure infallibly determines the reading.

Quod te per *Genium*, *dextramq;* Deosq; Penates,
Obsecro, et obtestor. *Hor. L. 1. Ep. 7.* COOKE.

By your tried faith, by her forlorn condition,
 I do conjure you, put her not away,
 Nor leave her to distress. If I have ever,
 As my own brother, lov'd you; or if she
 Has ever held you dear 'bove all the world,
 And ever shewn obedience to your will—
 I do bequeath you to her as a husband,
 Friend, Guardian, Father: All our little wealth
 To you I leave, and trust it to your care.—
 She join'd our hands, and died.—I did receive her,
 * And once receiv'd will keep her.

Myfis. So we trust.

Pam. What make you from her?

Myfis. † Going for a midwife. [heed,

Pam. Haste then! and hark, besure take special
 You mention not a word about the marriage,

Left

* How much more affecting is this speech, than Bevil's dry detail to Humphry of his meeting with Indiana! a detail the more needless and inartificial, as it might with much more propriety and *pathos* have been entirely reserved for Indiana herself in the scene with her father.

† *Going for a midwife.*] Methinks Myfis has loitered a little too much, considering her errand; but perhaps Terence knew, that some women would gossip on the way, though on an affair of life and death.
 COOKE.

This two-edged reflection glancing at once on Terence and the ladies is, I think, very ill-founded. The delay of Myfis, on seeing the emotion of Pamphilus, is very natural; and her artful endeavours to interest his passions in favour of her mistress, are rather marks of her attention, than neglect.

Left this too give her pain.

Myfis. * I understand.

ACT II. SCENE I.

† CHARINUS, BYRRHIA.

Char. **H**OW, Byrrhia? Is she to be married,
say you,
To Pamphilus to-day?

Byr.

* The first act of Baron's Andrian is little else than a mere version of this first act of Terence. Its extreme elegance and great superiority to the Prose Translation of Dacier, is a strong proof of the superior excellence and propriety of a Poetical Translation of the works of this author.

† *Charinus, Byrrhia.*] These two characters were not in the works of Menander, but were added to the Fable by Terence, lest Philumena's being left without a husband, on the marriage of Pamphilus to Glycerium, should appear too *tragical* a circumstance. DONATUS.

Madam Dacier, after transcribing this remark, adds, that it appears to her to be an observation of great importance to the Theatre, and well worthy our attention.

Important as this Dramatick *Arcanum* may be, it were to be wished that Terence had never found it out, or at least that he had not availed himself of it in the construction of the Andrian. It is plain that the Duplicity of Intrigue did not proceed from the imitation of Menander, since these characters on which the double plot is founded, were not drawn from the Greek Poet. Charinus and Byrrhia are indeed but poor counterparts, or faint shadows of Pamphilus and

Byr. 'Tis even so.

Char. How do you know?

Byr. I had it even now
From Davus at the Forum.

Char. Woe is me!

Then I'm a wretch indeed : till now my mind
Floated 'twixt hope and fear : now, hope remov'd,
Stunn'd, and overwhelm'd, it sinks beneath its cares.

Byr.

Davus ; and instead of adding life and vigour to the Fable, rather damp its spirit, and stop the activity of its progress. As to the *tragical* circumstance of Philumena's having no husband, it seems something like the distress of Prince Prettyman, who thinks it a matter of indifference, whether he shall appear to be the son of a King or a Fisherman, and is only uneasy lest he should be the son of nobody at all. I am much more inclined to the opinion of an ingenious French Critick, whom I have already cited more than once, than to that of Donatus or Madam Dacier. His comment on this under-plot is as follows.

“ It is almost impossible to conduct two intrigues at a time, without weakening the interest of both.
“ With what address has Terence interwoven the Amours of Pamphilus and Charinus in the Andrian!
“ But has he done it without inconvenience? At the beginning of the second Act, do we not seem to be entering upon a new piece? and does the fifth conclude in a very interesting manner?” DIDEROT.

It is but justice to Sir Richard Steele to confess, that he has conducted the under-plot in the Conscious Lovers in a much more artful and interesting manner than Terence in the play before us. The part which Myrtle sustains (though not wholly unexceptionable, especially in the last act) is more essential to the Fable, than Charinus in the Andrian. His character also is more separated and distinguished from Bevil than Charinus from Pamphilus, and serves to produce one of the best scenes in the play.

Byr. Nay, prithee Master, since the thing you wish

Cannot be had, e'en wish for that which may!

Char. I wish for nothing but Philumena.

Byr. Ah, how much wiser were it, that you strove
To quench this passion, than, with words like these,
To fan the fire, and blow it to a flame?

Char. How readily do men at ease prescribe
To those who're sick at heart! Distrest like me,
You would not talk thus.

Byr. Well, well, as you please.

Char. Ha! I see Pamphilus. I can resolve
On any thing, e'er give up all for lost.

Byr. What now?

Char. I will intreat him; beg, beseech him,
Tell him our course of love, and thus perhaps,
At least prevail upon him to defer
His marriage some few days: meanwhile, I hope,
Something may happen.

Byr. Ay, that something's nothing. [him?

Char. Byrrhia, what think you? Shall I speak to

Byr. Why not? for tho' you don't obtain your
He will at least imagine you're prepar'd [Suit,
To cuckold him, in case he marries her. [picians!

Char. Away, you hang-dog, with your base sus-

S C E N E II.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

Pam. Charinus, save you!

Char. Save you, Pamphilus!

Imploring comfort, safety, help, and counsel,

You see me now before you.

Pam.

Pam. I do lack

Myself both help and counsel—But what mean you?

Char. Is this your Wedding-day?

Pam. Ay, so they say.

Char. Ah, Pamphilus, if so, this day
You see the last of me.

Pam. How so?

Char. Ah me!

I dare not speak it: prithee tell him, Byrrhia.

Byr. Ay, that I will.

Pam. What is't?

Byr. He is in Love

* With your Bride, Sir.

Pam. I 'faith so am not I.

Tell me, Charinus, has aught further past

'Twixt you and her?

Char. Ah, no, no.

Pam. Wou'd there had!

Char. Now by our friendship, by my love, I beg
You wou'd not marry her.—

Pam. I will endeavour.

Char. If that's impossible, or if this match
Be grateful to your heart—

Pam. My heart!

Char. At least

Defer

* *With your Bride.*] *Sponsam hic tuam amat.* We have no word exactly answering the sense of *Sponsam* in this place. The familiar French expression of *La Future* comes pretty near it. It is, however, I hope, an allowable liberty in familiar conversation to speak of the Lady by the name of *the Bride* on her wedding-day, though before the performance of the ceremony.

Defer it some few days ; while I depart
That I may not behold it.

Pam. Hear, Charinus ;

It is, I think, scarce honesty in him
To look for thanks, who means no favour. I
Abhor this marriage, more than you desire it.

Char. You have reviv'd me.

Pam. Now if you, or He,
Your Byrrhia here, can do or think of aught ;
Act, plot, devise, invent, strive all you can
To make her your's ; and I'll do all I can
That She may not be mine.

Char. Enough.

Pam. I see

Davus, and in good time : for He'll advise
What's best to do.

Cha. But you, you sorry Rogue, [to Byrrhia.
Can give me no advice, nor tell me aught,
But what it is impertinent to know.
Hence, Sirrah, get you gone !

Byr. With all my heart.

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter DAVUS hastily.

Davus. Good Heav'ns, what news I bring ! what
joyful news !

But where shall I find Pamphilus, to drive
His fears away, and make him full of Joy ?

Char. There's something pleases him.

Pam. No matter what.

He

He has not heard of our ill fortune yet.

Davus. And He, I warrant, if he has been told
Of his intended Wedding——

Char. Do you hear?

Davus. Poor Soul, is running all about the Town
In quest of me. But whither shall I go?

Or which way run?

Char. Why don't you speak to him?

Davus. I'll go.

Pam. Ho! *Davus!* Stop, come here!

Davus. Who calls?

O, Pamphilus! the very man.—Heyday!

Charinus too!—Both gentlemen, well met!

I've news for both.

Pam. I'm ruin'd, *Davus.*

Davus. Hear me!

Pam. Undone!

Davus. I know your fears.

Char. My life's at stake.

Davus. Your's I know also.

Pam. Matrimony mine.

Davus. I know it.

Pam. But to day.

Davus. You stun me; Plague!

I tell you I know ev'ry thing: You fear [*to Charinus.*

You should *not* marry her.—You fear you *shou'd.*

[*to Pam.*

Char. The very thing.

Pam. The same.

Davus. And yet that *same*

Is nothing. Mark!

Pam.

Pam. Nay, rid me of my fear.

Davus. I will then. Chremes
Won't give his daughter to you.

Pam. How d'ye know?

Davus. I'm sure of it. Your Father but just now
Takes me aside, and tells me 'twas his will,
That you shou'd wed to-day; with much beside,
Which now I have not leisure to repeat.
I, on the instant, hastening to find you,
Run to the Forum to inform you of it:
There, failing, climb an eminence, look round:
No Pamphilus: I light by chance on Byrrhia;
* Enquire; he hadn't seen you. Vext at heart,
What's to be done; thought I. Returning thence
A doubt arose within me. Ha! bad cheer,
The old man melancholy, and a wedding
Clapt up so suddenly! This don't agree.

Pam. Well, what then?

Davus. I betook me instantly
To Chremes' house; but thither when I came,
† Before the door all hush. This tickled me.

Pam.

* *Enquire; he hadn't seen you.*] *Rogo, negat vidisse.*
Wonderful brevity, and worthy imitation. DONATUS.
Whoever remembers this Speech, as well as many
other little narrations, in the original, will readily con-
cur with the Critick; but whether the imitation re-
commended is very practicable, or capable of equal
elegance in our language, the reader may partly deter-
mine from the present and other translations.

† *Before the door all hush.*] Terence has not put this
remark into the mouth of Davus without foundation.
The House of the Bride was always full, and before the
Street-door were Musicians, and those who waited to
accompany the Bride. DACIER.

Pam. You're in the right. Proceed.

Davus. I watch'd awhile :

Mean time no soul went in, no soul came out ;

* No Matron ; in the house no ornament ;

No note of preparation. I approach'd,

Look'd in——

Pam. I understand : a potent sign !

Davus. Does this seem like a nuptial ?

Pam. I think not,

Davus.

Davus. *Think not*, d'ye say? you don't conceive:
The thing is evident. I met beside,
As I departed thence, with Chremes' boy,
Bearing some potherbs, and a † pennyworth
Of little fishes for the old man's dinner.

Char. I am deliver'd, *Davus*, by your means,
From all my apprehensions of to-day.

Davus. And yet you are undone.

Char. How so? since Chremes
Will not consent to give *Philumena*
To *Pamphilus*.

Davus. Ridiculous! As if,
Because the daughter is denied to him,
She must of course wed you. Look to it well ;

Court

* *No matron.*] Married women, neighbours, and relations ; whose business it was to attend the Lady, whose name (*Pronuba*) as well as office was much the same as that of the modern *Bride-maid*.

† *A pennyworth.*] *Obolo*. The *Obolus*, says *Donatus*, was a coin of the lowest value. *Cooke* tells us that the precise worth of it was one penny, farthing, one sixth.

Court the old Gentleman thro' friends, apply,
Or else—

Char. You're right: I will about it straight,
Altho' that hope has often fail'd. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Pam. What means my Father then? why
counterfeit?

Davus. That I'll explain. If he were angry now,
Merely that Chremes has refus'd his Daughter,
He'd think himself in fault; and justly too,
Before the bias of your mind is known.
But granting you refuse her for a wife,
Then all the blame devolves on you, and then
Comes all the storm.

Pam. What course then shall I take?
Shall I submit—

Davus. He is your Father, Sir,
Whom to oppose were difficult; and then
Glycerium's a lone woman; and he'll find
Some course, no matter what, to drive her hence.

Pam. To drive her hence?

Davus. Directly.

Pam. Tell me then,
Oh tell me, Davus, what were best to do?

Davus. * Say that you'll marry.

Pam.

* *Say, that you'll marry.*] The reciprocal dissimulation between the Father and Son, in the Fable of this Comedy, is much better managed by our Author than by Sir Richard Steele. The efforts made by each party,
in

Pam. How !

Davus. And where's the harm ?

Pam. Say that I'll marry !

Davus. Why not ?

Pam. Never, never.

Davus. Do not refuse !

Pam. Persuade not !

Davus. Do but mark

The consequence.

Pam. Divorcement from Glycerium,
And marriage with the other.

Davus. No such thing.

Your father, I suppose, accosts you thus.

I'd have you wed to-day ;—I will, quoth you :

What reason has he to reproach you then ?

Thus shall you baffle all his settled schemes ;

And put him to confusion ; all the while

Secure yourself : for 'tis beyond a doubt

That Chremes will refuse his daughter to you ;

So obstinately too, you need not pause,

Or change these measures, lest he change his mind ;

Say

in order to accomplish the favourite point, which they severally have in view, very naturally keeps all the characters in motion, and produces many affecting, and pleasant situations. There is too much uniformity in the adventures; as well as character of Bevil; for the vivacity of the Drama. His supposed consent to marry is followed by no consequences, and his *honest dissimulation*, as he himself calls it, is less reconcilable to the philosophical turn of his character, than to the natural sensibility of Pamphilus; besides that the dissimulation of the latter is palliated by his being almost involuntarily driven into it by the artful instigations of Davus.

Say to your father then, that you will wed;
That, with the will, he may want cause to chide.
But if, deluded by fond hopes, you cry,
“No one will wed their daughter to a rake,
“A libertine.”—Alas, you’re much deceiv’d.
For know, your father will redeem some wretch
From rags and beggary to be your wife,
Rather than see your ruin with Glycerium.
But if he thinks you bear an easy mind,
He too will grow indiff’rent, and seek out
Another match at leisure: the mean while
Affairs may take a lucky turn.

Pam. D’ye think so?

Davus. Beyond all doubt.

Pam. See, what you lead me to.

Davus. Nay, peace!

Pam. I’ll say so then. But have a care
He knows not of the child, which I’ve agreed
To educate.

Davus. Oh confidence!

Pam. She drew
This promise from me, as a firm assurance
That I would not forsake her.

Davus. We’ll take care.
But here’s your father: let him not perceive
You’re melancholy.

S C E N E V.

Enter SIMO at a distance.

Simo. I return to see
What they’re about, or what they meditate.

Davus.

Davus. Now is he sure that you'll refuse to wed,
From some dark corner brooding o'er black thoughts
He comes, and fancies he has fram'd a speech
To disconcert you. See, you keep your ground!

Pam. If I can, *Davus.*

Davus. Trust me, Pamphilus,
Your father will not change a single word
In anger with you, do but say you'll wed.

S C E N E VI.

Enter BYRRHIA behind.

Byr. To-day my master bad me leave all else
For Pamphilus, and watch how he proceeds,
About his marriage; wherefore I have now
* Follow'd the old man hither: yonder too

Stands

** Follow'd the old man hither.] HUNC venientem sequor.* This verse, though in every edition, as Bentley judiciously observes, is certainly spurious: for as Pamphilus has not disappeared since Byrrhia left the stage, he could not say *nunc HUNC venientem sequor*. If we suppose the line genuine, we must at the same time suppose Terence guilty of a monstrous absurdity.
COOKE.

Other Commentators have also stumbled at this passage; but if in the words *follow'd HIM hither*, we suppose HIM [*HUNC*] to refer to Simo, the whole difficulty is removed: and that the Pronoun does really signify Simo is evident from the very circumstance of Pamphilus never having left the stage since the disappearance of Byrrhia. Simo also is represented as coming on the stage homewards, so that Byrrhia might easily have followed him along the street: and it is evident that Byrrhia does not allude to Pamphilus, from the agreeable surprize which he expresses on seeing him there so opportunely for his purpose.

Stands Pamphilus himself, and with him Davus.
To business then!

Simo. I see them both together.

Davus. Now mind. [*apart to Pam.*

Simo. Here, Pamphilus!

Davus. Now turn about,

As taken unawares. [*apart.*

Pam. Who calls? my father!

Davus. Well said! [*apart.*

Simo. It is my pleasure that, that to-day,

As I have told you once before, you marry.

Davus. Now on our part, I fear what he'll
reply. [*aside.*

Pam. In that, and all the rest of your commands,
I shall be ready to obey you, Sir!

Byr. How's that! [*overhearing.*

Davus. Struck dumb. [*aside.*

Byr. What said he? [*listening.*

Simo. You perform

Your Duty, when you cheerfully comply
With my desires.

Davus. There! said I not the truth? [*apart.*
[*to Pam.*

Byr. My master then, so far as I can find,
May whistle for a Wife.

Simo. Now then go in,

That when you're wanted you be found.

Pam. I go. [*Exit.*

Byr. Is there no faith in the affairs of men?

'Tis an old saying and a true one too;

"Of all Mankind each loves himself the best."

I've seen the Lady; know her beautiful;

And therefore sooner pardon Pamphilus, If

If he had rather win her to his Arms,
 Than yield her to th' embraces of my master.
 * I will go bear these tidings, and receive
 Much evil treatment for my evil news. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

Manent SIMO and DAVUS.

Davus. Now he supposes I've some trick in
 And loiter here to practise it on him! [*hand*]

Simo. Well, what now, Davus?

Davus. Nothing.

Simo. Nothing, say you?

Davus. Nothing at all.

Simo. And yet I look'd for something.

Davus.

* *I will go bear these tidings.*] Donatus observes on this Scene between Byrrhia, Simo, Pamphilus, and Davus, that the Dialogue is sustained by four persons, who have little or no intercourse with each other: so that the Scene is not only in direct contradiction to the precept of Horace excluding a fourth person, but is also otherwise vicious in its construction. Scenes of this kind are, I think, much too frequent in Terence, though indeed the form of the antient Theatre was more adapted to the representation of them than the modern. The multiplicity of speeches *aside* is also the chief error in his Dialogue, such speeches, though very common in Dramatick writers antient and modern, being always more or less unnatural.—Myrtle's suspicions, grounded on the intelligence drawn from Bevil's servant, are more artfully imagined by the English Poet, than those of Charinus created by employing his servant as a Spy on the actions of Pamphilus.

Davus. * So, I perceive, you did:—This nettles him. [*aside.*]

Simo. Can you speak truth?

Davus. Most easily.

Simo. Say then,

Is not this wedding irksome to my Son,
From his adventure with the Andrian?

Davus. No faith; or if at all, 'twill only be
Two or three days' anxiety, you know:
Then 'twill be over: for he sees the thing
In its true light.

Simo. I praise him for't.

Davus. While you
Restrain'd him not; and while his youth allow'd,
'Tis true he lov'd; and even then by stealth,
As wise men ought, and careful of his fame.
Now his age calls for matrimony, now
To matrimony he inclines his mind.

Simo. Yet, in my eyes, he seem'd a little sad.

Davus. Not upon that account. He has, he
Another reason to complain of you. [*thinks*]

Simo. For what?

Davus.

* So, I perceive, you did.—This nettles him. [*aside.*]
Præter spem evenit: sentio: hoc male habet virum.
All the commentators and translators have understood this whole line as spoken *aside*: but as the first part of it is an apt answer to what *Simo* had said, and in the same stile with the rest of the conversation, that *Davus* commonly holds with him, I rather think it was intended in reply; to which *Davus* subjoins the conclusion, as his sly remark *aside*.—Whether this was certainly the Poet's meaning, it is difficult to determine; but I think that this manner of speaking the line would have the best effect on the Stage.

Davus. A trifle.

Simo. Well, what is't?

Davus. Nay, nothing.

Simo. Tell me, what is't?

Davus. You are then, he complains,
Somewhat too sparing of expence.

Simo. I?

Davus. You.

[he,

* A feast of scarce ten Drachms! Does this, says
Look like a wedding-supper for his son?
What friends can I invite? especially,
At such a time as this?—and, truly, Sir,
You have been very frugal; much too sparing.
I can't commend you for it.

Simo. Hold your peace.

Davus. I've ruffled him. [*aside.*

Simo. I'll look to that. Away! [*Exit Davus.*
What now? What means the varlet? Precious
For if there's any Knavery on foot, [Rogue,
† He, I am sure, is the contriver on't. [*Exit.*

* *A feast of scarce ten Drachms!*] The Attick
Drachma was equal to seven-pence, three farthings,
of English money. COOKE.

† The second act of the *Andrian* of Baron is, like
the first, very nearly an exact translation of Terence.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SIMO, DAVUS, *coming out of Simo's House.*

—MYSIS, LESBIA, *going towards the House of Glycerium.*

Myfis. **A**Y, marry, 'tis as you say, Lesbia:
Women scarce ever find a constant man.

Simo. The Andrian's maid-servant! Is't not?

Davus. Ay.

Myfis. But Pamphilus——

Simo. What says she? [*overhearing.*]

Myfis. Has been true.

Simo. How's that? [*overhearing.*]

Davus. Wou'd he were deaf, or she were dumb! [*aside.*]

Myfis. For the child, Boy or Girl, he has
To educate. [*resolv'd*]

Simo. O Jupiter! what's this
I hear? If this be true, I'm lost indeed.

Lesbia. A good young Gentleman!

Myfis. Oh, very good.

But in, in, lest you make her wait.

Lesbia. I follow. [*Exeunt Myfis and Lesbia.*]

SCENE II.

Manent SIMO, DAVUS.

Davus. Unfortunate! What remedy! [*aside.*]

Simo. How's this? [*to himself.*]

And can he be so mad? What! educate

A Harlot's child!—Ah, now I know their drift:
Fool that I was, scarce smelt it out at last.

Davus listening.] What's this he says he has
Simo. Imprimis, [*to himself.*] [smelt out?

'Tis this Rogue's trick upon me. All a sham:

A counterfeit deliv'ry, and mock labour,

Devis'd to frighten Chremes from the match.

Glycerium within.] * Juno Lucina, save me!
help, I pray thee.

Simo.

* *Glycerium within.*] *Juno Lucina, save me! help
I pray thee!*] Juno Lucina was the Goddess supposed
to preside over child-birth.

“ In their Comedies, the Romans generally borrow-
“ ed their plots from the Greek Poets; and theirs was
“ commonly a little Girl stolen or wandered from her
“ Parents, brought back unknown to the city; there
“ got with child by some lewd young fellow; who,
“ by the help of his servant, cheats his father: and
“ when her time comes, to cry *Juno Lucina, fer
“ opem!* one or other sees a little Box or Cabinet,
“ which was carried away with her, and so discovers
“ her to her friends; if some God do not prevent it,
“ by coming down in a Machine, and taking the thanks
“ of it to himself.

“ By the Plot you may guess much of the charac-
“ ters of the Persons. An old father, who would
“ willingly, before he dies, see his Son well
“ married; a debauched Son, kind in his nature to
“ his mistress, but miserably in want of money; a
“ servant or slave, who has so much wit as to strike
“ in with him, and help to dupe his father; a Brag-
“ gadocio Captain; a Parasite; and a Lady of
“ Pleasure.

“ As for the poor honest maid, on whom the Story
“ is built, and who ought to be one of the principal
“ Actors in the Play, she is commonly a Mute in it:

“ She

Simo. Hey day! Already? Oh ridiculous!
 Soon as she heard that I was at the Door

She

“ She has the breeding of the old Elizabeth way,
 “ which was for maids to be seen, and not to be heard;
 “ and it is enough you know she is willing to be
 “ married when the fifth Act requires it.” DRYDEN’S
Essay of Dramatick Poesie.

It must be remembred that Dryden’s Essay is written in the form of a Dialogue, and therefore the above Extract is not to be supposed to be absolutely the very opinion of the writer, but receives a good deal of its high colouring from the character of the Speaker. It is true, indeed, that this *crying out* of a woman in labour behind the Scenes, which, Donatus gravely remarks, is the only way in which the Severity of the *Comædia Palliata* would allow a young gentlewoman to be introduced, is perhaps the most exceptionable circumstance of all the antient Drama: and if the modern Theatre has any transcendent advantage over the antient, it is in the frequent and successful introduction of female personages.

The antients were so little sensible of the impropriety or indecorum of such an incident, that it is (as Dryden has observed) introduced into many of their plays, wherein the Lady *cries out* in the same, or very similar, words with Glycerium. I do not, however, remember any play where the Lady in the Straw produces so many pleasant circumstances, as in the play before us; nor is there, I think, any one of those circumstances, except the *crying out*, which might not be represented on our Stage. This act, and the next, which are entirely built on the delivery of Glycerium, are the most humourous of the five; and yet these very acts seem to have been the most obnoxious to the delicacy of the modern imitators of our Author. Sir Richard Steele, indeed, departed in many other circumstances from the Fable of Terence, so that it is no wonder he took the advantage of bringing our Gly-

She hastens to cry out: Your * incidents
Are ill-tim'd, Davus.

Davus. Mine, Sir?

Simo. Are your players
Unmindful of their Cues, and want a Prompter?

Davus. I do not comprehend you.

Simo apart.] If this Knave
Had, in the real Nuptial of my Son,
Come thus upon me unprepar'd, what sport,
What scorn he'd have expos'd me to? But now
At his own peril be it. I'm secure.

S C E N E III.

*Re-enter LESBIA.—ARCHYLLIS appears
at the Door.*

Lesbia to Arch. within.] As yet, Archyllis, all
the symptoms seem
As good as might be wish'd in her condition:
First, let her make ablution: after that,
Drink what I've order'd her, and just so much:

And

cerium on the Stage in the person of Indiana: but Baron, who has wrought his whole piece on the Ground of Terence, thought it necessary to new-mould these two Acts, and has introduced Glycerium merely to fill up the chasm created by the omission of the other incidents. Baron, I doubt not, judg'd right in thinking it unsafe to hazard them on the French Stage: but it must be obvious to every reader that the deadeft and most insipid parts of Baron's play are those scenes in which he deviates from Terence.

* *Your incidents, &c.] Non sat commode divisa sunt temporibus tibi, Dave, hæc.* A metaphor taken from the Theatre. DACIER.

And presently I will be here again. [*coming forward.*]

Now, by this good day, Master Pamphilus
Has got a chopping Boy : Heav'n grant it live !
For he's a worthy Gentleman, and scorn'd
To do a wrong to this young innocent. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Simo. This too, where's he that knows you
Was your contrivance ? [*wou'd not swear,*

Davus. My Contrivance ! what, Sir ?

Simo. While in the House, forsooth, the mid-
No orders for the Lady in the Straw : [*wife gave.*
But having issued forth into the Street,
Bawls out most lustily to those within.

—Oh Davus, am I then so much your Scorn ?

Seem I so proper to be play'd upon,
With such a shallow, barefac'd, imposition ?

You might at least, in reverence, have us'd
Some Spice of Art, wer't only to pretend
You fear'd my anger, shou'd I find you out.

Davus. I'faith now he deceives himself, not I:
[*aside.*]

Simo. Did not I give you warning ? threaten too,
In case you play'd me false ? But all in vain :
For what car'd you ?—What ! think you I believe
This story of a child by Pamphilus ?

Davus. I see his error : Now I know my game.
[*aside,*

Simo. Why don't you answer ?

Davus. What ! you don't believe it ?

As if you had not been inform'd of this? [*archly.*

Simo. I been inform'd?

Davus. What then you found it out? [*archly.*

Simo. D'ye laugh at me?

Davus. You must have been inform'd:

Or whence this shrewd suspicion?

Simo. Whence! from you:

Because I know you.

Davus. Meaning, this was done

By my Advice.

Simo. Beyond all doubt: I know it.

Davus. You do not know me, *Simo.*—

Simo. I not know you?

Davus. For if I do but speak, immediately
You think yourself impos'd on.—

Simo. Falsely, hey? [*you.*

Davus. So that I dare not ope my lips before

Simo. All that I know is this; that nobody
Has been deliver'd here.

Davus. You've found it out?

Yet by and bye they'll bring the bantling here,

And lay it at our door. Remember, Sir,

I give you warning that will be the case;

'That you may stand prepar'd, nor after say,

'Twas done by *Davus's* advice, his tricks!

I wou'd fain cure your ill opinion of me.

Simo. But how d'ye know?

Davus. I've heard so, and believe so.

Besides a thousand things concur to lead

To this conjecture. In the first place, the

Profess'd herself with child by *Pamphilus*:

'That proves a falsehood. Now that she perceives

A nuptial preparation at our house,
 A maid's dispatch'd immediately to bring
 A midwife to her, and withal a child * ;
 You too they will contrive shall see the child,
 Or else the Wedding must proceed.

Simo. How's this?

Having discover'd such a plot on foot,
 Why did you not directly tell my Son?

Davus. Who then has drawn him from her
 but myself?

For we all know how much he doated on her :
 But now he wishes for a Wife. In fine,
 Leave that affair to me ; and you mean while
 Pursue, as you've begun, the Nuptials ; which
 The Gods, I hope, will prosper !

Simo. Get you in.

Wait for me there, and see that you prepare
 What's requisite.

[*Exit Davus.*]

He has not wrought upon me
 To yield implicit credit to his tale,
 Nor do I know if all he said be true.
 But, true or false it matters not : to me
 My Son's own promise is the main concern.
 Now to meet Chremes, and to beg his daughter
 In marriage with my Son : If I succeed,
 What can I rather wish than to behold
 Their marriage-rites to-day ? For since my Son
 Has given me his word, I've not a doubt,
 Should he refuse, but I may force him to it :
 And to my wishes see where Chremes comes.

D 4

SCENE

* *And withal a child.*] This was a piece of roguery
 very common in Greece, where they often deceived the
 old men by supposititious children. DACIER.

S C E N E V.

Enter CHREMES*.*Simo.* Chremes, Good day!*Chremes.* The very man I look'd for.*Simo.* And I for you.

Chremes. Well met.—Some persons came
To tell me you inform'd them, that my daughter
Was to be married to your Son to-day :
And therefore came I here, and fain wou'd know
Whether 'tis you or they have lost their wits.

Simo. A moment's hearing; you shall be inform'd,
What I request, and what you wish to know.

Chremes. I hear; what would you? speak.

Simo. Now by the Gods;
Now by our friendship, Chremes, which, begun
In infancy, has still increas'd with age;
Now by your only daughter, and my son,
Whose preservation wholly rests on you;
Let me intreat this boon: and let the match
Which should have been, still be.

Chremes. Why, why intreat?
Knowing you ought not to beseech this of me.

Think

* *Enter* CHREMES.] Chremes is a humane, natural, unaffected old gentleman. Sealand in the *Conscious Lovers*, the English Chremes, is a sensible respectable merchant. Both the characters are properly sustained: but Chremes being induced first to renew his consent to the match, and afterwards wrought upon by occurrences arising in the fable to withdraw it again, renders his character more essential to the Drama, than Sealand's.

Think you, that I am other than I was,
 When first I gave my promise? If the match
 Be good for both, e'en call them forth to wed.
 But if their union promises more harm
 Than good to both, You also, I beseech you,
 Consult our common interest, as if
 You were her father, Pamphilus my son.

Simo. E'en in that spirit, I desire it, Chremes,
 Intreat it may be done; nor would intreat,
 But that occasion urges.

Cbremes. What occasion?

Simo. A difference 'twixt Glycerium and my son.

Cbremes. I hear. [*ironically.*]

Simo. A breach so wide as gives me hopes
 To sep'rate them for ever.

Cbremes. Idle tales!

Simo. Indeed 'tis thus.

Cbremes. Ay marry, thus it is.

Quarrels of lovers but renew their love. [now;

Simo. Prevent we then, I pray, this mischief
 While time permits, while yet his passion's fore
 From contumelies; ere these womens' wiles,
 Their wicked arts, and tears made up of fraud
 Shake his weak mind, and melt it to compassion.
 Give him a wife: By intercourse with her,
 Knit by the bonds of wedlock, soon, I hope,
 He'll rise above the guilt that sinks him now.

Cbremes. So you believe: for me, I cannot think
 That he'll be constant, or that I can bear it. [trial?

Simo. How can you know, unless you make the

Chremes. Ay, but to make that trial on a daughter
Is hard indeed.

Simo. The mischief, should he fail,
Is only this : divorce, which heav'n forbid !
But mark what benefits if he amend !
First, to your friend you will restore a son ;
Gain to yourself a son-in-law, and match
Your daughter to an honest husband.

Chremes. Well !
Since you're so thoroughly convinc'd 'tis right,
I can deny you naught that lies in me.

Simo. I see I ever lov'd you justly, *Chremes.*

Chremes. But then——

Simo. But what ?

Chremes. Whence is't you know
That there's a difference between them ?

Simo. *Davus*,
Davus, in all their secrets, told me so ;
Advis'd me too, to hasten on the match
As fast as possible. Wou'd he, d'ye think,
Do that, unless he were full well assur'd
My son desir'd it too ?—Hear what he says.
Ho there ! call *Davus* forth.—Eut here he comes.

S C E N E VI.

Enter DAVUS.

Davus. I was about to seek you.

Simo. What's the matter ?

[late.

Davus. Why is not the bride sent for ? it grows

Simo.

Simo. D'ye hear him?—*Davus*, I for some time
Was fearful of you; lest, like other slaves, [past
As slaves go now, you should put tricks upon me,
And baffle me, to favour my son's love.

Davus. I, Sir?

Simo. I thought so: and in fear of that
Conceal'd a secret which I'll now disclose.

Davus. What secret, Sir?

Simo. I'll tell you: for I now
Almost begin to think you may be trusted. [last.

Davus. You've found what sort of man I am at

Simo. No marriage was intended.

Davus. How! none!

Simo. None.

All counterfeit, to sound my son and you.

Davus. How say you?

Simo. Even so.

Davus. Alack, alack!

I never could have thought it. Ah, what art,
[archly.

Simo. Hear me. No sooner had I sent you in,
But opportunely I encounter'd *Chremes*.

Davus. How! are we ruin'd then? [aside.

Simo. I told him all,
That you had just told me,—

Davus. Confusion! how? [aside.

Simo. Begg'd him to grant his daughter, and at
With much ado prevail'd. [length

Davus. Undone! [aside.

Simo. How's that? [overbearing.

Davus. Well done! I said.

Simo.

Simo. My good friend Chremes then
Is now no obstacle.

Chremes. I'll home awhile,
Order due preparations, and return. [*Exit.*

Simo. Prithee, now, Davus, seeing you alone
Have brought about this match——

Davus. Yes, I alone.

Simo. Endeavour farther to amend my son.

Davus. Most diligently.

Simo. It were easy now,
While his mind's irritated.

Davus. Be at peace.

Simo. Do then: where is he?

Davus. Probably at home.

Simo. I'll in, and tell him, what I've now told
you. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VII.

DAVUS *alone.*

Lost and undone! To prison with me straight!

No prayer, no play: for I have ruin'd all:

Deceiv'd the old man, hamper'd Pamphilus

With marriage; marriage, brought about to-day

By my sole means; beyond the hopes of one;

Against the other's will.—Oh cunning fool!

Had I been quiet, all had yet been well.

But see, he's coming. Would my neck were
broken! [*retires.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter PAMPHILUS; DAVUS *behind*.

Pam. Where is this villain that has ruin'd me?

Davus. I'm a lost man.

Pam. And yet I must confess,
That I deserv'd this, being such a dolt,
A very idiot, to commit my fortunes
To a vile slave. I suffer for my folly,
But will at least take vengeance upon him.

Davus. If I can but escape this mischief now,
I'll answer for hereafter.

Pam. To my father
What shall I say?—And can I then refuse,
Who have but now consented? with what face?
I know not what to do.

Davus. I'faith nor I;
And yet it takes up all my thoughts. I'll tell him
I've hit on something to delay the match.

Pam. Oh! [*seeing Davus.*

Davus. I am seen.

Pam. So, Good Sir! what say you?
See, how I'm hamper'd with your fine advice.

Davus coming forward.] But I'll deliver you.

Pam. Deliver me?

Davus. Certainly, Sir.

Pam. What, as you did just now?

Davus. Better, I hope.

Pam. And can you then believe
That I would trust you, Rascal? You amend
My broken fortunes, or redeem them lost?

You,

You, who to-day, from the most happy state,
Have thrown me upon marriage.—Did not I
Foretell it would be thus?

Davus. You did indeed.

Pam. * And what do you deserve for this?

Davus. The gallows.

—Yet suffer me to take a little breath,
I'll devise something presently.

Pam. † Alas,
I have not leisure for your punishment.

The

* *And what do you deserve for this?* *Quid meritis?*
This question is taken from the custom of the Athenians, who never condemned a criminal without first asking what punishment he thought he deserved; and according to the nature of the culprit's answer, they mitigated or aggravated his punishment. DACIER.

The Commentators cite a passage exactly parallel from the Frogs of Aristophanes.

† *Alas, I have not leisure? &c.* Characters too faintly drawn are the opposite of Caricature. Pamphilus in the Andrian is, in my mind a faint character. Davus has precipitated him into a marriage that he abhors. His mistress has but just been brought to-bed. He has a hundred reasons to be out of humour. Yet he takes all in good part. DIDEROT.

I cannot think there is much justice in the above observation. Pamphilus appears to me to have all the feelings of an amiable and ingenuous mind. There is an observation of Donatus on Simo's observing to Davus, at the end of the second Act, that his son appeared to him to be rather melancholy, which is in my opinion infinitely more just, and applicable to the character of Pamphilus than the remark of our ingenious French Critick. It has been reserved for this place on purpose to oppose them to each other. The passage and note on it are as follow.

Yet in my mind he seem'd a little sad.] The propriety

The time demands attention to myself,
Nor will be wasted in revenge on you.

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

CHARINUS *alone.*

IS this to be believ'd, or to be told?
Can then such inbred malice live in man,
To joy in ill, and from another's woes
To draw his own delight?—Ah, is't then so?
—Yes, such there are, the meanest of mankind,
Who, from a sneaking bashfulness, at first
Dare not refuse; but when the time comes on
To make the promise good, then force perforce
Open themselves and fear: yet must deny.
Then too, oh shameless impudence, they cry,
“Who then are you? and what are you to me?”
“Why,

priety of behaviour necessary to the different characters of the Son and the Lover, is wonderfully preserved in this instance. A deceit, sustained with great assurance, would not have been agreeable to the character of an ingenuous youth: and it would have been improbable in the character of the Lover to have entirely smothered his concern. He suppresses it therefore in some measure, because the thing was to be concealed; but could not assume a thorough joyfulness, because his disposition and his passion inspired him with melancholy. DONATUS.

It may be added also, as a further answer to Diderot, that the words with which Pamphilus concludes this act, alluding to his present situation, assign a very natural reason for his subduing the transports of his anger towards Davus.

" Why should I render up my love to you ?
 " Faith, neighbour, charity begins at home."
 —Speak of their broken faith, they blush not, they,
 Now throwing off that shame they ought to wear,
 Which they before assum'd without a cause.
 —What shall I do? go to him? on my wrongs
 Expostulate, and throw reproaches on him?
 What will that profit, say you?—very much.
 I shall at least embitter his delight,
 And gratify my anger.

SCENE II.

To him PAMPHILUS and DAVUS.

Pam. Oh, Charinus,
 By my Imprudence, unless Heav'n forefend,
 I've ruin'd both myself and you.

Cbar. Imprudence!
 Paltry evasion! You have broke your faith.

Pam. What now?

Cbar. And do you think that words like these
 Can baffle me again?

Pam. What means all this?

Cbar. Soon as I told you of my passion for her,
 Then she had charms for you.—Ah, senseless fool,
 To judge your disposition by my own!

Pam. You are mistaken.

Cbar. Was your joy no joy,
 Without abusing a fond Lover's mind,
 Fool'd on with idle hopes?—Well, take her.

Pam. Take her?

Alas,

Alas, you know not what a wretch I am :
How many cares this slave has brought upon me,
My rascal here.

Char. No wonder, if he takes
Example from his master.

Pam. Ah, you know not
Me, or my love, or else you would not talk thus.

Char. Oh yes, I know it all. You had but now
A dreadful altercation with your father :
And therefore he's enrag'd, nor could prevail
On you, forsooth, to wed. [*ironically.*]

Pam. To shew you then,
How little you conceive of my distress,
These nuptials were mere semblance, mock'ry all,
Nor was a wife intended me.

Char. I know it :
You are constrained, poor man, by inclination.

Pam. Nay, but have patience ! you don't know—

Cha. I know
That you're to marry her.

Pam. Why rack me thus ?
Nay hear ! He never ceas'd to importune
That I wou'd tell my father, I would wed ;
So prest, and urg'd, that he at length prevail'd..

Char. Who did this ?

Pam. Davus.

Char. Davus !

Pam. Davus all.

Char. Wherefore ?

Pam. I know not : but I know the Gods
Meant in their anger I should listen to him.

Char. Is it so, Davus ?

Davus.

Davus. Even so.

Char. How, villain ?

The Gods confound you for it !—Tell me, wretch,
Had all his most inveterate foes desir'd
To throw him on this marriage, what advice
Could they have given else ?

Davus. I am deceiv'd,
But not dishearten'd.

Char. True. [ironically.]

Davus. This way has fail'd ;
We'll try another way : unless you think
Because the business has gone ill at first,
We cannot graft advantage on misfortune.

Pam. Oh ay, I warrant you, if you look to't,
Out of one wedding you can work me two.

Davus. Pamphilus, 'tis my duty, as your slave,
To strive with might and main, by day and night,
With hazard of my life, to do you service :
'Tis your's, if I am cross'd, to pardon me.
My undertakings fail indeed, but then
I spare no pains. Do better if you can,
And send me packing.

Pam. Ay, with all my heart :
Place me but where you found me first.

Davus. I will.

Pam. But do it instantly.

Davus. Hift ! hold a while :
I hear the creaking of Glycerium's door.

Pam. Nothing to you.

Davus. I'm thinking.

Pam. What, at last ?

[sently.]

Davus. Your business shall be done, and pre-

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Enter MYSIS.

Mysis to Glycer. within. Be where he will, I'll
find your Pamphilus, [soul,
And bring him with me. Meanwhile, you, my
Forbear to vex yourself.

Pam. Mysis!

Mysis. Who's there?

Oh Pamphilus, well met, Sir!

Pam. What's the matter?

Mysis. My Mistress, by the love you bear her, begs
Your presence instantly. She longs to see you.

Pam. Ah, I'm undone: This sore breaks out
Unhappy that we are, thro' your curst means, [afresh.
To be tormented thus! [*to Davus.*]—She has been
A nuptial is prepar'd, and therefore sends. [told

Cbar. From which how safe you were, had he
been quiet! [*pointing to Davus.*

Davus. Ay, if he raves not of himself enough,
Do, irritate him. [*to Charinus.*

Mysis. Truly that's the cause;
And therefore 'tis, poor soul, the sorrows thus.

Pam. Mysis, I swear to thee by all the Gods,
I never will desert her: tho' assur'd
That I for her make all mankind my foes.

I fought her, carried her: our hearts are one,
And farewell they that wish us put asunder!
Death, nought but death shall part us.

Mysis. I revive.

Pam. Apollo's oracles are not more true.

If that my father may be wrought upon,
 To think I hinder'd not the match, 'tis well:
 But if that cannot be, come what come may,
 Why let him know, 'twas I.--What think you now?

[to Char.

Char. That we are wretches both.

Davus. My brain's at work.

Char. Oh brave!

Pam. I know what you'd attempt.

Davus. Well, well!

I will effect it for you.

Pam. Ay, but now.

Davus. E'en now.

Char. What it's?

Davus. For him, Sir, not for you.

Be not mistaken.

Char. I am satisfied.

Pam. Say, what do you propose?

Davus. This day, I fear,

Is scarce sufficient for the execution,

So think not I have leisure to relate.

Hence then! You hinder me: hence, hence, I say!

Pam. I'll to Glycerium. [Exit.

Davus. Well, and what mean you?

Whither will you, Sir?

Char. Shall I speak the truth?

Davus. Oh to be sure: now for a tedious tale!

Char. What will become of me?

Davus. How! not content!

Is it not then sufficient, if I give you

The respite of a day, a little day,

By putting off his wedding?

Char.

Char. Ay, but Davus,—

Davus. But what?

Char. That I may wed—

Davus. Ridiculous!

Char. If you succeed, come to me.

Davus. Wherefore come?

I can't assist you.

Char. Should it so fall out—

Davus. Well, well, I'll come.

Char. If aught I am at home.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Manent DAVUS, MYSIS.

Davus. Mysis, wait here till I come forth.

Mysis. For what?

Davus. It must be so.

Mysis. Make haste then.

Davus. In a Moment.

[*Exit to Glycerium's.*]

SCENE V.

MYSIS *alone.*

Can we securely then count nothing our's?

Oh all ye Gods! I thought this Pamphilus

The greatest good my mistress could obtain,

Friend, lover, husband, ev'ry way a blessing:

And yet what woe, poor wretch, endures she not

On his account? Alas, more ill than good!

But here comes Davus.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Re-enter DAVUS with the child.

Myfis. Prithce, man, what now?
Where are you carrying the child?

Davus. Oh, *Myfis*,
Now have I need of all your ready wit,
And all your cunning.

Myfis. What are you about?

Davus. Quick, take the boy, and lay him at our

Myfis. What on the bare ground? [door.

Davus. From the altar then •
Take herbs and strew them underneath.

Myfis. And why
Can't you do that yourself?

Davus. Because, that if

My

* *From the altar, &c.*] Donatus and Scaliger the father have written that the Altar mentioned here, was the altar usually placed on the stage. When a Tragedy was acted, the altar was dedicated to Bacchus; when a Comedy, to Apollo. But in my opinion the Stage-Altar has no connection with this passage: This adventure is not to be considered as an incident in a Comedy, but as a thing which passes in the street. Probability therefore must be preserved; which it cannot be, if one of the Stage-Altars is employed in this place. At Athens every house had an altar at the street door: [which street-altars are also often mentioned in Plautus.] These altars were covered with fresh herbs every day, and it is one of these altars, to which Terence here alludes. DACIER.

It was a custom among the Romans to have an altar sacred to Vesta in the entrance of their houses, whence it was called *The Vestibule*. EUGRAPHIUS.

My master chance to put me to my oath
That 'twas not I who laid it there, I may
With a safe conscience swear. [*gives her the child.*

Myfis. I understand.

But pray how came this sudden qualm upon you?

Davus. Nay, but be quick, that you may comprehend [*door.*

What I propose.—[*Myfis lays the child at Simo's*

O Jupiter! [*looking out,*

Myfis. What now? [I change

Davus. Here comes the father of the bride!—

My first-intended purpose *

Myfis. What you mean

I can't imagine.

Davus. This way from the right,

I'll counterfeit to come :—And be't your care

To throw in aptly now and then a word,

To help out the discourse as need-requires.

Myfis. Still what you're at, I cannot comprehend.

But if I can assist, as you know best,

Not to obstruct your purposes, I'll stay.

[*Davus retires.*

S C E N E VII.

Enter CHREMES going towards Simo's.

Chremes. Having provided all things necessary,
I now return to bid them call the bride.

What's here? [*seeing the child.*] by Hercules, a child!

Ha, woman,

Was't

* *I change my first-intended purpose.*] His first intention doubtless, was to go and inform Simo of the child being laid at the door. DACIER.

Was't you that laid it here?

Myfis. Where is he gone? [*looking after Davus, Chremes.* What won't you answer me?

Myfis looking about.] Not here: Ah me!

The fellow's gone, and left me in the lurch.

[*Davus coming forward and pretending not to see them.*

Davus. Good heavens, what confusion at the Forum!

The people all disputing with each other!

The market-price is so confounded high. [*loud.*

What to say else I know not. [*aside.*

Myfis to Davus.] What d'yemean [*Chremes retires, By leaving me alone? and listens to their conversation.*

Davus. What farce is this? [*here?*

Ha, *Myfis*, whence this Child? Who brought it

Myfis. Have you your wits, to ask me such a question? [*here?*

Davus. Whom should I ask, when no one else is *Chremes behind.*] I wonder whence it comes.

[*to himself.*

Davus. Wilt answer me? [*loud.*

Myfis. Ah! [*confused.*

Davus. This way to the right! [*apart to Myfis.*

Myfis. You're raving mad.

Was't not yourself?

Davus. I charge you not a word,

But what I ask you. [*apart to Myfis.*

Myfis. Do you threaten me?

Davus. Whence comes this child? [*loud.*

Myfis.

Myfis. * From our house.

Davus. Ha! ha! ha!

No wonder that a harlot has assurance. [take it.

Chremes. This is the Andrian's servant-maid, I

Davus. Do we then seem to you such proper folks
To play these tricks upon? [loud to Myf.

Chremes. I came in time. [to himself.

Davus. Make haste, and take your bantling from
our door. [loud.

Hold! do not stir from where you are, besure. [softly.

Myfis. A plague upon you: you so terrify me!

Davus. Wench, did I speak to you or no? [loud.

Myfis. What would you? [you laid here?

Davus. What would I? Say, whose child have
Tell me. [loud.

Myfis. You don't know?

Davus. Plague of what I know:
Tell what I ask. [softly.

Myfis. Your's.

Davus. Ours? Whose? [loud.

Myfis. Pamphilus's.

Davus. How say you? Pamphilus's? [loud.

Myfis. Why, is't not?

Chremes.

* From our house.] A NOBIS. Most of the Books read a VOBIS, but I am persuaded the other is the right reading. The fact is, the child really came from Glycerium's and Davus's laughing at the imprudence of Myfis in owning it, and the immediate observation of Chremes, that she was the Andrian's maid, is more agreeable to this sense. Besides the mention of the other family is reserved for the answers drawn from Myfis by Davus's asking her *whose child it was*.

Chremes. I had good cause to be against this match.

[*to himself.*

Davus. O monstrous impudence! [*bawling.*

Myfis. Why all this noise?

Davus. Did not I see this child convey'd by stealth
Into your house last night?

Myfis. Oh rogue!

Davus. 'Tis true.

I saw old Canthara stuff'd out?

Myfis. Thank heav'n,

* Some free-women were present at her labour?

Davus. Troth, she don't know the gentleman, for
whom

She plays this game. She thinks, should *Chremes* see
The Child laid here, he would not grant his
daughter.

Faith, he would grant her the more willingly.

[*to himself.*

Chremes. Not he indeed.

Davus. But now one word for all,
Take up the child; or I shall trundle him
Into the middle of the street, and roll
You, madam, in the mire.

Myfis. The fellow's drunk.

Davus. One piece of knavery begets another:
Now I am told, 'tis whisper'd all about,
That she's a citizen of Athens—

[*loud.*

Chremes. How!

Davus.

* *Some free-women.*] *Free-women:* For in Greece
as well as in Italy, slaves were not admitted to give
evidence. DACIER.

Davus. * And that by law he will be forc'd to wed her.

Myfis. Why prithee is she not a citizen?

Chremes. What a fine scrape was I within a hair Of being drawn into! [to himself.

Davus. What voice is that? [turning about.
Oh Chremes! you are come in time. Attend!

Chremes. I have heard all already.

Davus. You've heard all?

Chremes. Yes, all, I say, from first to last.

Davus. Indeed?

Good lack, what knaveries! This lying jade Should be dragg'd hence to torture—This is he!

[to Myf.

Think not 'twas Davus you imposed upon. [indeed.

Myfis. Ah me!—Good Sir, I spoke the truth

Chremes. I know the whole.—Is Simo in the house?

Davus. Yes Sir.

[Exit Chremes.

S C E N E VIII.

Manent DAVUS, MYFIS. *Davus runs up to her.*

Myfis. Don't offer to touch me, you villain!

If I don't tell my mistress every word—

Davus. Why you don't know, you fool, what

Myfis. How should I? [good we've done.

Davus.

* *And that by law, &c.]* Among the laws of Athens was that equitable one, which compelled the man to marry her whom he had debauched, if she was a free Woman. COOKE.

Davus. This is father to the bride :
Nor could it otherwise have been contrived
That he should know what we would have him.

Mysis. Well,
You should have given me notice.

Davus. * Is there then

No

* *Is there then no difference, &c.*] It is an observation of Voltaire's in the preface to his Comedy of *L'Enfant Prodigue*, that although there are various kinds of pleasantry that excite mirth, yet universal bursts of laughter are seldom produced, unless by a scene of mistake or *equivoque*. A thousand instances might be given to prove the truth of this judicious observation. There is scarce any writer of Comedy, who has not drawn from this source of humour. A scene founded on a misunderstanding between the parties, where the characters are all at cross purposes with each other, never fails to set the audience in a roar: nor indeed can there be a happier incident in a Comedy, if produced naturally, and managed judiciously.

The scenes in this act, occasioned by the artifice of *Davus* concerning the child, do not fall directly under the observation of Voltaire, but are however, so much of the same colour, that if represented on the stage, they would, I doubt not, have the like effect, and be the best means of confuting those infidel Critics, who maintain that Terence has no humour. I do not remember a scene in any Comedy, where there is such a natural complication of pleasant circumstances. *Davus's* sudden change of his intentions on seeing *Chremes*, without having time to explain himself to *Mysis*; her confusion and comical distress, together, with the genuine simplicity of her answers; and the conclusion drawn by *Chremes* from their supposed quarrel; are all finely imagined, and directly calculated for the purposes of exciting the highest mirth in the spectators. The words of *Davus* to *Mysis* in this speech “ *Is there then,*

No diff'rence, think you, whether all you say
Falls naturally from the heart, or comes
From dull premeditation?

S C E N E IX.

Enter CRITO.

Crito. In this street
They say that Chrysis liv'd : who rather chose
To heap up riches here by wanton ways,
Than to live poor and honestly at home :
She dead, her fortune comes by law to me.
But I see persons to enquire of. [*goes up.*] Save you !

Myfis. Good now, who's that I see? is it not
Chrysis's Kinsman? Ay, the very same. [*Crito,*
Crito.

then, &c. have the air of an oblique praise of this scene from the Poet himself, shewing with what art it is introduced, and how naturally it is sustained.

Sir Richard Steele had deviated so much from Terence in the original construction of his fable, that he had no opportunity of working this scene into it. Baron, who, I suppose, was afraid to hazard it on the French Theatre, fills up the chasm by bringing Glycerium on the stage. She, amused by Davus with a forged Tale of the falsehood of Pamphilus, throws herself at the feet of Chremes, and prevails on him once more to break off the intended match with Philumena. In consequence of this alteration, the most lively part of the comedy in Terence, becomes the gravest in Baron; the artifice of Davus is carried on with the most starch formality; and the whole incident, as conducted in the French imitation, loses all that air of ease and pleasantry, which it wears in the original.

Crito. O Myfis, save you !

Myfis. Save you, Crito !

Crito. Chrysis

Is then—ha ?

Myfis. Ay, she has left us, poor souls ! [well ?

Crito. And ye ; how go ye on here ?—pretty

Myfis. We ?—as we *can*, as the old saying goes,
When as we *would* we cannot.

Crito. And Glycerium,
Has she found out her parents ?

Myfis. Wou'd she had !

Crito. Not yet ! an ill wind blew me hither then.
For truly, had I been appriz'd of that,
I'd ne'er have set foot here : For this Glycerium
Was always call'd and thought to be her sister.
What Chrysis left, She takes possession of :
And now for me, a stranger, to commence
A law-suit here, how good and wise it were,
Other examples teach me. She, I warrant,
Has got her some gallant too, some defender :
For she was growing up a jolly girl
When first she journied hither. They will cry
That I'm a petty-fogger, fortune-hunter,
A beggar.—And besides it were not well
To leave her in distress.

Myfis. Good soul ! Troth, Crito,
You have the good old-fashion'd honesty.

Crito. Well, since I am arriv'd here, bring me to
her,

That I may see her.

Myfis. Ay, with all my heart.

Davus.

Davus. I will in with them: for I wou'd not
That our old gentleman should see me now. [chuse

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

CHREMES, SIMO.

Chremes. **E**NOUGH already, Simo, and enough
I've shewn my friendship for you;
hazarded!

Enough of peril: urge me then no more!
Wishing to please you, I had near destroy'd
My daughter's peace and happiness for ever.

Simo. Ah, Chremes, I must now intreat the more,
More urge you to confirm the promis'd boon.

Chremes. Mark how unjust you are thro' wilful-
So you obtain what you demand, you set [ness!
No bounds to my compliance, nor consider
What you request; for if you did consider,
You'd cease to load me with these injuries?

Simo. What injuries?

Chremes. Is that a question now?
Have you you not driven me to plight my child
To one posselt with other love, averse
To marriage; to expose her to divorce,
And crazy nuptials; by her woe and bane
To work a cure for your distemper'd son?
You had prevail'd; I travell'd in the match,

E 4

While

While circumstances would admit ; but now
 The case is chang'd, content you :—It is said,
 That she's a citizen ; a child is born :
 Prithee excuse us !

Simo. Now, for heaven's sake,
 Believe not Them, whose interest it is
 To make him vile and abject as themselves.
 These stories are all feign'd, concerted all,
 To break the match : when the occasion's past,
 That urges them to this, they will desist. [maid

Chremes. Oh, you mistake : E'en now I saw the
 Wrangling with Davus.

Simo. Artifice ! mere trick. [knew

Chremes. Ay, but in earnest ; and when neither
 That I was there.

Simo. It may be so : and Davus
 Told me before-hand they'd attempt all this ;
 Though I, I know not how, forgot to tell you.

S C E N E II.

Enter DAVUS from Glycerium's.

Davus to himself.] He may be easy now I

Chremes. See yonder's Davus. [warrant him—

Simo. Ha ! whence comes the rogue ?

Davus. By my assistance, and this stranger's safe.

[to himself.]

Simo. What mischief's this ? [listening.

Davus. A more commodious man,
 Arriving just in season, at a time

So critical, I never knew. [to himself.

Simo. A knave !

Who's

Who's that he praises? [*listening.*]

Davus. All is now secure. [*to himself.*]

Simo. Why don't I speak to him?

Davus. My master here! [*turning about.*]

What shall I do? [*to himself.*]

Simo. Good Sir, your humble servant! [*sneering.*]

Davus. Oh, Simo! and our Chremes!—All is
Prepar'd within. [*now*]

Simo. You've taken special care. [*ironically.*]

Davus. E'en call them when you please.

Simo. Oh, mighty fine!

That to be sure is all that's wanting now.

—But tell me, Sir! what business had you there?

[*pointing to Glycerium's.*]

Davus. I? [*confused.*]

Simo. You.

Davus. I——? [*stammering.*]

Simo. You, Sir.

Davus. I went in but now. [*disordered.*]

Simo. As if I asked, how long it was ago.

Davus. With Pamphilus.

Simo. Is Pamphilus within?

—Oh torture!—Did not you assure me, sirrah,
They were at variance?

Davus. So they are.

Simo. Why then

Is Pamphilus within?

Chremes. Oh, why d'ye think?

He's gone to quarrel with her. [*sneering.*]

Davus. Nay but, Chremes,

There's more in this, and you shall hear strange news.

There's an old countryman, I know not who,

Is juſt arriv'd here ; confident and ſhrewd ;
His look beſpeaks him of ſome conſequence.

A grave ſeverity is in his face.

And credit in his words.

Simo. What ſtory now ? [ſay.

Davus. Nay, nothing, ſir, but what I heard him

Simo. And what ſays he, then ?

Davus. That he's well aſſur'd

Glycerium's an Athenian citizen.

Simo. Ho, Dromo ! Dromo ! [calling.

Davus. What now ?

Simo. Dromo !

Davus. Hear me.

Simo. Speak but a word more—Dromo !

Davus. Pray, Sir, hear !

S C E N E III.

Enter DROMO.

Dromo. Your pleaſure, Sir ?

Simo. Here drag him headlong in,
And truſs the rascal up immediately.

Dromo. Whom ?

Simo. Davus.

Davus. Why ?

Simo. Becauſe I'll have it ſo.
Take him, I ſay.

Davus. For what offence ?

Simo. Off with him !

Davus. If it appear that I've ſaid aught but truth,
Put me to death.

Simo. I will not hear. I'll trounce you.

Davus.

Davus. But tho' it should prove true, Sir!

Simo. True or false.

See that you keep him bound: and do you hear?

* Bind the slave hand and foot. Away!

[*Exeunt Dromo and Davus.*]

S C E N E IV.

Manent SIMO, CHREMES.

By heav'n,

As I do live, I'll make you know this day

What peril lies in trifling with a master,

And make Him know what 'tis to plague a father.

Chremes. Ah, be not in such rage.

Simo. Oh Chremes, Chremes,

Filial unkindness!—Don't you pity me?

To feel all this for such a thankless son!—

Here, Pamphilus, come forth! ho, Pamphilus!

Have you no shame? [*calling at Glycerium's door.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

Pam. Who calls?—Undone! my father!

Simo. What say you? Most—

Chremes. Ah, rather speak at once

Your purpose, Simo, and forbear reproach.

Simo. As if 'twere possible to utter aught

Severer

* *Bind the slave hand and foot.*] QUADRUPEDEM
constringito. It was usual among the Athenians
to tie criminals, hands and feet together, like a calf.
ECHARD.

Severer than he merits!—Tell me then; [*to Pam.*
Glycerium is a citizen?

Pam. They say so.

Simo. They say so!—Oh amazing impudence!—
Does he consider what he says? does he
Repent the deed? or does his colour take
The hue of shame?—To be so weak of soul,
Against the custom of our citizens,
* Against the law, against his father's will,
To wed himself to shame and this vile woman.

Pam. Wretch that I am!

Simo. Ah, Pamphilus! d'ye feel
Your wretchedness at last? Then, then, when first
You wrought upon your mind at any rate
To gratify your passion; from that hour
Well might you feel your state of wretchedness.
—But why give in to this? Why torture thus,
Why vex my spirit? Why afflict my age
For his distemp'rature? Why rue his sins?
—No; let him have her, joy in her, live with her.

Pam. My father!

† *Simo.* How, *my father!*—can I think
You want this father? You that for yourself
A home, a wife, and children have acquir'd
Against your father's will? And witnesses

Suborn'd,

* *Against the Law.*] There was a law among the Athenians, that no citizen should marry a stranger; which law also excluded such as were not born of two citizens, from all offices of trust and honour. See *Plutarch's Life of Pericles.* COOKE.

† *Simo.* *How my father, &c.*] Donatus is full of admiration of this speech, and tells us that it was not taken from Menander, but original in Terence.

Suborn'd, to prove that she's a citizen?

—You've gain'd your point.

Pam. My father, but one word!

Simo. What would you say?

Chremes. Nay, hear him, Simo.

Simo. Hear him?

What must I hear then, Chremes?

Chremes. Let him speak.

Simo. Well, let him speak: I hear him.

Pam. I confess

I love Glycerium: if it be a fault,

That too I do confess. To you, my father,

I yield myself; dispose me as you please!

Command me! Say, that I shall take a wife;

Leave Her;—I will endure it, as I may.—

This only I beseech you, think not I

Suborn'd this old man hither.—Suffer me

To clear myself, and bring him here before you.

Simo. Bring him here!

Pam. Let me, father!

Chremes. 'Tis but just:

Permit him!

Pam. Grant me this!

Simo. Well, be it so. * *Exit Pamphilus.*

I could

* *Exit Pamphilus.*] The above scene, admirable as it is, had not, it seems, sufficient temptations for Sir Richard Steele to induce him to include it in his plan of the *Conscious Lovers*. Bevil and his Father are never brought to an open rupture, like Simo and Pamphilus, but rather industriously kept from coming to any explanation, which is one reason of the insipidity and want of spirit in their characters. It must be obvious to every

I could bear all this bravely, Chremes; more,
Much more, to know that he deceiv'd me not.

Chremes. For a great fault a little punishment
Suffices to a father.

S C E N E VI.

Re-enter PAMPHILUS with CRITO.

Crito. Say no more!

Any of these inducements would prevail:

Or your intreaty, or that it is truth,

Or that I wish it for Glycerium's sake.

Chremes. Whom do I see? *Crito*, the Andrian?
Nay certainly 'tis *Crito*.

Crito. Save you, *Chremes*!

Chremes. What has brought you to Athens?

Crito. Accident.

But is this *Simo*?

Chremes. Ay.

Simo.

every reader, how naturally this scene brings on the catastrophe: how injudiciously then has the English Poet deprived his audience of the pleasure that must have arisen from it in the representation, and contented himself with making Sir J. Bevil declare, at entering with his son, after the discovery is over, "Your good sister, Sir, has with the story of your daughter's fortune, filled us with surprize and joy! Now all exceptions are removed; my Son has now avowed his love, and turned all former jealousies and doubts to approbation, and, I am told, your goodness has consented to reward him." How many dramatick incidents, what fine pictures of the manners, has Terence drawn from the circumstances huddled together in these few lines of Sir Richard Steele!

Simo. Asks he for me?
 So Sir, you say that this Glycerium
 Is an Athenian citizen?

Crito. Do you
 Deny it?

Simo. What then are you come prepar'd?

Crito. Prepar'd! for what?

Simo. And dare you ask for what?
 Shall you go on thus with impunity?
 Lay snares for inexperience'd, lib'ral, youth,
 With fraud, temptation, and fair promises
 Soothing their minds?—

Crito. Have you your wits?

Simo. —And then
 With marriage folder up their harlot loves?

Pam. Alas, I fear the stranger will not bear
 this. [*aside.*]

Chremes. Knew you this Person, *Simo*, you'd
 He's a good man. [not think thus:]

Simo. A good man he?—To come,
 Altho' at Athens never seen till now,
 So opportunely on the wedding day!—
 Is such a fellow to be trusted, *Chremes*?

Pam. * But that I fear my father, I could make
 That

* But that I fear, &c.] *Ni metuum patrem, habeo pro illa re illum quod moneam probe.* Madam Dacier, and several English translations, make Pamphilus say that he could give *Crito* a hint or two. What hints he could propose to suggest to *Crito* I cannot conceive. The Italian translation, printed with the Vatican Terence, seems to understand the words in the same manner that I have translated them, in which sense (the pronoun

That matter clear to him. : [*aside.*

Simo. A Sharper !

Crito. How ?

[*him.*

Cbremes. It is his humour, Crito ; do not heed

Crito. Let him look to't. If he persists in saying
Whate'er he pleases, I shall make him hear
Something that may displease him.—Do I stir
In these affairs, or make them my concern ?
Bear your misfortunes patiently ! For me,
If I speak true or false, shall now be known.

—“ A man of Athens once upon a time [him
“ Was shipwreck'd on the coast of Andros : with
“ This very woman, then an infant. He
“ In this distress applied, it so fell out,
“ For help to Chrysis' father—

Simo. All romance.

Cbremes. Let him alone.

Crito. And will he interrupt me ?

Cbremes. Go on.

Crito. “ Now Chrysis' father, who receiv'd him,
“ Was my relation. There I've often heard
“ The man himself declare, he was of Athens.
“ There too he died.”

Cbremes. His name ?

Crito. His name, so quickly ?—Phania.

Cbremes. Amazement !

Crito. By my troth, I think 'twas Phania ;

But

pronoun *illum* referring to Simo instead of Crito) they seem to be the most natural words of Pamphilus on occasion of his father's anger, and the speech immediately preceding.

But this I'm sure, he said he was * of Rhamnus.

Cbremes. Oh Jupiter!

Crito. These circumstances, Chremes,
Were known to many others, then in Andros.

Cbremes. Heav'n grant it may be as I wish!—

Inform me,

Whose daughter, said he, was the child? his own?

Crito. No, not his own.

Cbremes. Whose then?

Crito. His brother's daughter.

Cbremes. Mine, mine undoubtedly!

Crito. What say you?

Simo. How!

Pam. Hark, Pamphilus!

Simo. But why believe you this?

Cbremes. That Phania was my brother.

Simo. True. I knew him.

Cbremes. He, to avoid the war, departed hence;
And fearing 'twere unsafe to leave the child,
Embark'd with her in quest of me for Asia:
Since when I've heard no news of him till now.

Pam. I'm scarce myself, my mind is so enrapt
With fear, hope, joy, and wonder of so great,
So sudden happiness.

Simo. Indeed, my Chremes,
I heartily rejoice she's found your daughter.

Pam. I do believe you, father.

Cbremes. But one doubt

There

* *Of Rhamnus.*] Rhamnus, Piræus, &c. are to be understood as maritime towns of Attica: DONATUS.

There still remains, which gives me pain.

Pam. Away

With all your doubts! You puzzle a plain cause,
[*aside.*]

Crito. What is that doubt?

Chremes. The name does not agree.

Crito. She had another, when a child.

Chremes. What, *Crito*?

Can you remember?

Crito. I am hunting for it.

Pam. Shall then his memory oppose my bliss,
When I can minister the cure myself?

No, I will not permit it.—Heark you, *Chremes*,
The name is *Pasibula*.

Crito. True.

Chremes. The same.

Pam. I've heard it from herself a thousand times.

Simo. *Chremes*, I trust you will believe, we all
Rejoice at this.

Chremes. 'Fore heaven I believe so.

Pam. And now, my father——

Simo. Peace, son! the event
Has reconcil'd me.

Pam. O thou best of fathers!
Does *Chremes* too confirm *Glycerium* mine?

Chremes. And with good cause if *Simo* hinder not.

Pam. * Sir! [to *Simo*.]

Simo.

* *P. Sir! Si. Be it so.] P. Nempe. Si. Id scilicet.*
Donatus, and some others after him, understand these
words of *Simo* and *Pamphilus*, as requiring a fortune
of *Chremes* with his daughter: and one of them says,
that

Simo. Be it so.

Cbremes. * My daughter's portion is
Ten talents, Pamphilus.

Pam. I am content.

Cbremes.

that *Simo*, in order to explain his meaning in the representation, should produce a bag of money. This surely is precious refinement, worthy the genius of a true Commentator. *Madam Dacier*, who entertains a just veneration for *Donatus*, doubts the authenticity of the observation ascribed to him. The sense I have followed is, I think, the most obvious and natural interpretation of the words of *Pamphilus* and *Simo*, which refer to the preceding, not the subsequent speech, of *Chremes*.

* *My daughter's portion is ten talents.*] All our own translators of this poet have betrayed great ignorance in their estimations of antient sums: and *Madam Dacier*, and the common Latin Interpreters, seem not to have given themselves much trouble on this head: but this part of antient learning ought not to be past over slightly, since the wealth and plenty of a great and famous state are to be discovered from it. The name of the talent ought to be preserved in a translation, as should the *Mina*, *Half-Mina*, *Drachma*, and *Obolus*, for the same reason for which *Terence* preserved them in his Latin Translations of Greek Plays, *viz.* because the scene is in Athens, and these are Attick pieces of money. The common Attick Talent, which is the Talent mentioned thro' *Terence*, contained sixty *Minæ*, as *Gronovius*, in a note to the *Cistellaria* of *Plautus*, and other accurate Enquirers have agreed. Ten Talents therefore were equal to 1937l. 10s. of our money, which we may reasonably suppose a tolerable good fortune, considering the price of provisions then in that part of Greece; which we may partly judge of from the passage, where the *Obolus* is mentioned in the second act of this play. COOKE.

Chremes. I'll to her instantly : and prithee, Crito,
Along with me ! for sure she knows me not.

[* *Exeunt Chremes and Crito.*

Simo. Why do you not give orders instantly
To bring her to our house ?

Pam. Th' advice is good.
I'll give that charge to Davus.

Simo. It can't be.

Pam. Why ?

Simo. He has other business of his own,
Of nearer import to himself.

Pam. What business ?

Simo. He's bound.

* *Pam.*

* *Exeunt Chremes and Crito.*] Crito is, as Donatus calls him, *persona in catastrophæ machinata*, a character formed to bring about the catastrophe. To supply his place in the fable, Sir Richard Steele has converted Phania, the brother of Chremes mentioned in the foregoing scene, into a sister, and substituted Isabella for Crito. But here, I think, and in almost every circumstance of the Discovery, the art of the English Poet is much inferior to that of his Original. Isabella does not maintain her importance in the Drama so well as Crito. Indiana indeed serves to add a degree of *Pathos* to the scene : but the relation of the incidents of her life, and throwing off her little ornaments in a kind of Tragedo-Rant, till Isabella appears to unravel the mystery, is surely much less natural than the minute detail of circumstances, so finely produced by our Author. It is, says Donatus, the greatest praise, when the spectator may imagine those things to happen by chance, which are produced by the utmost industry of the Poet.

* Pam. Bound ! how, Sir !

Simo. How, sir ?—neck and heels.

Pam. Ah, let him be enlarg'd !

Simo. It shall be done.

Pam. Cut instantly.

Simo. I'll in, and order it. [*Exit.*]

Pam. Oh what a happy, happy, day is this !

S C E N E VII.

† *Enter CHARINUS behind.*

Char. I come to see what Pamphilus is doing :
And there he is !

Pam.

* P. Bound ! how, sir ! Si. How sir ? neck and heels.] *Non RECTE vinctus est.—haud ita jussu.* The conceit in the original is a Pun upon the word *recte*, impossible to be preserved exactly in the translation. Donatus observes very well on this passage, that the jocularity of the old gentleman on this occasion, is a characteristick mark of his thorough reconciliation.

† *Enter Charinus.*] He who undertakes to conduct two intrigues at a time, imposes on himself the necessity of unravelling them both at the same instant. If the principal concludes first, that which remains can support itself no longer : if, on the contrary the episode abandons the main part of the fable, there arises another inconvenience ; some of the characters either disappear without reason, or shew themselves again to no end or purpose ; so that the piece becomes maimed or uninteresting. DIDEROT.

The first of the inconveniences above mentioned is that which occurs in the conclusion of this play. The discovery once made, and Glycerium given to Pamphilus, all that remains becomes cold. From the extreme brevity of this last scene, one would imagine that

Pam. And is this true?—Yes, yes,
I know 'tis true, because I wish it so.

* Therefore I think the life of Gods eternal,
For that their joys are permanent: and now,
† My soul hath her content so absolute,

That

that the Poet himself found this part of the fable languish under his hands. Some of the commentators, fond of that tediousness, which Terence was so studious to avoid, have added seventeen spurious lines of dialogue between Charinus and Chremes. But Donatus, tho' he approved of this underplot, which Terence added to the fable of Menander, yet commends his judgment in avoiding prolixity, by settling only one marriage on the stage, and dispatching the other behind the scenes. But surely the whole episode of Charinus is unnecessary, and the fable would be more clear, more compact, and more complete without it. See the first note to the second act.

The fifth act of Baron is an almost literal, though very elegant version, of this of our Author.

It is very remarkable, that though Terence is generally considered to be a grave author, as a writer of Comedy, the Andrian has much more humour and pleasantry, than either the English or French imitation of it.

* *Therefore I think, &c.*] This whole sentence is transferred by our Poet to this play from the Eunuch of Menander: and to this practice alludes the objection mentioned in the Prologue.

That Fables should not be contaminated. DONATUS.

† *My Soul hath her content so absolute.*] The passage in Shakespear's Othello, from which I have borrowed this line, is a kind of contrast to this in our Author. Each of them are speeches of the highest joy and rapture, and each of them founded on the instability of human happiness; but in my mind the English Poet has the advantage.

— If

That I too am immortal, if no ill
 Step in betwixt me and this happiness.
 Oh, for a bosom-friend now to pour out
 My ecstasies before him!

Cbar. What's this rapture? [*listening.*]

Pam. Oh, yonder's Davus: nobody more welcome:

For he, I know, will join in transport with me.

SCENE

— — — If I were now to die,
 'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
 My soul hath her content so absolute,
 That not another comfort, like to this,
 Succeeds in unknown fate.

There is passage in Otway's Orphan, which is, I think, a palpable imitation of a speech of Pamphilus, at the conclusion of the first act of this play. As it happened to be omitted in that place, I have subjoined it to this note; and if the reader will take the pains to turn back to page 31, he may compare the two speeches together.

Chamont. When our dear Parents died, they died together.

One fate surpriz'd them, and one grave receiv'd them:
 My father with his dying breath bequeath'd
 Her to my love: My mother, as she lay
 Languishing by him, call'd me to her side,
 Took me in her fainting arms, wept, and embrac'd me;
 Then prest me close, and as she observ'd my tears,
 Kist them away: Said she, Chamont, my son,
 By this, and all the love I ever shew'd thee,
 Be careful of Monimia, watch her youth,
 Let not her wants betray her to dishonour.
 Perhaps kind heav'n may raise some friend—then sigh'd,
 Kist me again; so blest us, and expir'd.

SCENE THE LAST.

Enter DAVUS.*Davus entering.*] Where's Pamphilus?*Pam.* O Davus!*Davus.* Who's there?*Pam.* I.*Davus.* Oh Pamphilus!*Pam.* You know not my good fortune:*Davus.* Do you know my ill-fortune?*Pam.* To a title.*Davus.* 'Tis after the old fashion, that my ills
Should reach your ears, before your joys reach mine.*Pam.* Glycerium has discover'd her relations.*Davus.* Oh excellent!*Char.* How's that?[*listening.*]*Pam.* Her father is
Our most near friend.*Davus.* Who?*Pam.* Chremes.*Davus.* Charming news!*Pam.* And I'm to marry her immediately.*Char.* Is this man talking in his sleep, and dreams
On what he wishes waking?[*listening.*]*Pam.* And moreover,
For the child, Davus——*Davus.* Ah, sir, say no more.
You're th' only fav'rite of the Gods.*Char.* I'm madeIf this be true. I'll speak to them. [*comes forward.*]*Pam.*

Pam. Who's there?

Charinus! oh, well met.

Char. I give you joy.

Pam. You've heard then—

Char. Ev'ry word: and prithee now,
In your good fortune, think upon your friend.
Chremes is now your own; and will perform
Whatever you shall ask.

Pam. I shall remember.

'Twere tedious to expect his coming forth:
Along with me then to Glycerium!
Davius, do you go home, and hasten them
To fetch her hence. Away, away!

Davius. I go.

[*Exeunt Pam. and Char.*

[*Davius addressing the audience.*

Wait not till they come forth: Within
She'll be betroth'd, within, if aught remains
Undone, 'twill be concluded.— * Clap your hands!

* *Clap your hands!*] *Plaudite.* All the old Tragedies and Comedies acted at Rome concluded in this manner. *Donec CANTOR vos PLAUDITE dicat*, says Horace. Who the *Cantor* was is matter of dispute. Monf. Dacier thinks it was the whole Chorus; others suppose it to have been a single Actor; some the Prompter, and some the Composer.

Before the word *Plaudite* in all the old copies is an Ω , which has also given rise to several learned conjectures. It is most probable according to the notion of Madam Dacier, that this Ω , being the last Letter of the Greek Alphabet, was nothing more than the mark of the transcriber to signify the end, like the Latin word *Finis* in modern books: or it might, as

Cook supposes, stand for $\Omega\delta\omicron\varsigma$ *Cantor*, denoting that the following word *Plaudite*, was spoken by him.

CALLIOPIUS RECENSUI.] After *Plaudite*, in all the old copies of Terence, stand these two words: which signify, "I Callipius have revised and corrected this piece." And this proceeds from the custom of the old criticks, who carefully revised all manuscripts: and when they had read and corrected any work, certified the same by placing their names at the end of it. DACIER.

E H T

UNION

T H E

*EUNUCH;

Acted at the MEGALESIAN GAMES,

L. Posthumius Albinus and L. Cornelius Merula,
Curule Ædiles: Principal Actors, L. Ambivius
Turpio and L. Attilius Prænестinus: The Musick,
composed for Two Right-handed Flutes, by
Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: It is from the
Greek of Menander. It was acted twice †, M.
Valerius, and C. Fannius, Consuls †.

Year of Rome - - - - - 591

Before Christ - - - - - 159

* *The Eunuch.*] This seems to have been the most popular of all the Comedies of Terence. Suetonius and Donatus, both inform us that it was acted with the greatest applause, and that the Poet received a larger Price for it from the Ædiles, than had ever been paid for any before, viz. 8000 sesterces, which is about equal to 200 crowns, which in those times was a considerable sum.

† *Acted twice.*] *Acta* II. Donatus informs us it was acted a third time. It is certain therefore that there is something wanting in this title, and that we should read *acta* II. DIE, *acted twice* IN ONE DAY, of which fact we are made acquainted by Suetonius.
DACIER.

† Baif, a Poet, who lived under Charles IX. made a translation of the Eunuch into French Verse, which,

if I am not deceived, was never publicly represented, as there was not at that time a company of Comedians regularly established at Paris. I have not heard that before, or since his time, we have any other poetical translations of Terence; and my Andrian is, I believe, the first of his Comedies, that has appeared on our stage, **BARON.**

Baron is partly mistaken. There is extant in the works of the celebrated Fontaine, a Comedy entitled *L'Eunuque*, being, like Baron's Andrian, founded on Terence, with such alterations, as the modern Poet thought advisable in his age and country. Some of the principal variations will be observed in the course of these notes.

L'Eunuque is a Comedy of Terence, translated by Fontaine, and is the most popular of all the Comedies of Terence. It was acted with great success, and the Poet received a large sum for it from the Theatre, than had ever been paid for any before, viz. 8000 livres, which is about equal to 200 crowns, which in those times was a considerable sum.

L'Eunuque is the most popular of all the Comedies of Terence. It was acted with great success, and the Poet received a large sum for it from the Theatre, than had ever been paid for any before, viz. 8000 livres, which is about equal to 200 crowns, which in those times was a considerable sum.

L'Eunuque is the most popular of all the Comedies of Terence. It was acted with great success, and the Poet received a large sum for it from the Theatre, than had ever been paid for any before, viz. 8000 livres, which is about equal to 200 crowns, which in those times was a considerable sum.

TO THE
KING'S SCHOLARS

Of St. PETER'S College, Westminster,

THE FOLLOWING COMEDY,

TRANSLATED FROM TERENCE,

IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

AND OLD SCHOOL-FELLOW,

GEORGE COLMAN.

P E R S O N S.

PROLOGUE.

LACHES.

PHÆDRIA.

CHÆREA.

ANTIPHO.

CHREMES.

THRASO.

GNATHO.

PARMENO.

DORUS.

SANGA.

SIMALIO, and other Mutes.

THAIS.

PAMPHILA.

PYTHIAS.

DORIAS.

SOPHRONA.

SCENE, ATHENS.

PROLOGUE.

TO please the candid, give offence to none,
This, says the Poet, ever was his care :

* Yet if there's One, who thinks he's hardly cen-
Let him remember He was the Aggressor : {sur'd,
He, who translating many, but not well,
On good Greek fables fram'd poor Latin plays ;
He, who but lately to the Publick gave
† The Phantom of Menander ; He, who made,
‡ In the Thesaurus, the Defendant plead
And vouch the question'd treasure to be his,
Before the Plaintiff his own title shews, Or

* *Yet if there's one, &c.*] Meaning Lavinius, the Poet censured in the Prologue to the Andrian. DONATUS.

† *The Phantom of Menander.*] The Phantom [*Φασμα*] was the title of a Comedy of Menander ; in which a young Man looking thro' a hole in the wall, which divides his father's house from a neighbour's, beholds a virgin of extraordinary beauty, and is affected with an awful reverence, as at the sight of a Divinity ; from which the Play is called the Phantom. The Mother, (who had this child by a secret amour before her marriage with the young Man's father, and educated her privately in the house of the next door neighbour) is represented to have made the hole in the wall, and to have decked the passage with garlands, and green branches, that it might look like a consecrated place ; whither she daily went to her devotions, and used to call forth her daughter to converse with her there. The Youth, coming by degrees to the knowledge of her being but a mortal, his passion for her becomes so violent, as to admit of no cure but marriage ; which at last is accomplished to the great satisfaction of the Mother and Daughter, the joy of the Lover, and the consent of his Father.—This argument of the *Phasma* Bentley gives us ; but to whom we are obliged for it, says he does not know, whether to Donatus or some older scholiast. COOKE.

‡ *In the Thesaurus.*] In the Thesaurus, or Treasure, of Lavinius, a young fellow having squandered

P R O L O G U E.

Or whence it came into his father's tomb.

Henceforward let him not deceive himself,

Or cry, " I'm safe, he can say nought of me."

I charge him that he err not, and forbear

To urge me farther ; for I've more, much more,

Which now shall be o'erlook'd, but shall be known,

If he pursue his slanders, as before.

Soon as this Play, the Eunuch of Menander,

Which we are now preparing to perform,

Was purchas'd by the Ædiles, he obtain'd

* Leave

his estate, sends a servant ten years after his father's death, according to the will of the deceased, to carry provisions to his father's monument ; but he had before sold the ground, in which the monument stood, to a covetous old man ; to whom the servant applied to help him to open the monument ; in which they discovered a hoard of gold and a letter. The old fellow seizes the Treasure, and keeps it, under pretence of having deposited it there, for safety, during times of war : the young fellow goes to law with him ; and the old man is represented as opening the cause thus : " Athenians, why should I relate the war with the " Rhodians? &c." which Terence ridicules, because the young man who was the Plaintiff, should first shew his own title to it.—Thus far Bentley from the same scholiast. This note is a clear explanation of the passage to which it belongs. Hare concurs with Madam Dacier in her opinion, that this story of the Treasure was only an incident foisted by Lavinus into the Phantom of Menander, and not a distinct play : but was I not determined by the more learned Bentley, the Text itself would not permit me to concur in their opinion, as the words *atque in Thesauro scripsit*, seem plainly to be a transition to another play. COOKE.

Menander, and his Cotemporary Philemon, each of them wrote a Comedy under this title. We have in the above note the story of Menander's ; and we know that of Philemon's from the Trinummus of Plautus, which was a translation of it.

P R O L O G U E.

- * Leave to examine it: and afterwards
- † When 'twas rehears'd before the Magistrates,
- “ A Thief, he cried, no Poet gives this piece.
- “ Yet has he not deceiv'd us; for we know,
- “ † The Colax is an antient Comedy
- “ Of Nævius, and of Plautus; and from thence
- “ The Parasite and Soldier both are stolen.”

If that's the Poet's crime, it is a crime
Of ignorance, and not a studied theft.
Judge for yourselves! the fact is even thus.
The Colax is a fable of Menander's;
Wherein is drawn the character of Colax
The Parasite, and the Vain-Glorious Soldier:
Which characters, he scruples not to own,
He to his Eunuch from the Greek transferr'd:
§ But that he knew, those pieces were before

* *Leave to examine it.]* *Perfecit, sibi ut inspiciundi esset copia.* The word *inspiciundi* certainly carries a stronger sense than merely to be present at the representation. The meaning of the whole passage I take to be this. That having obtained leave to peruse the M. S. he furnished himself with objections against the piece, which he threw out when it came to be represented before the Magistrates.

† *When 'twas rehears'd before the Magistrates.]* This is a remarkable passage, for it informs us that when the Magistrates had bought a piece, they had it represented at their own house, before it was played in publick. DACIER.

† *The Colax, &c.]* Colax is a Greek word [*Κολαξ*] signifying a flatterer, which was the reason the Greeks gave that name to their Parasites. DACIER.

§ *But that he knew, &c.]* If Plautus wrote a play under the title of Colax, I should think it very unlikely for Terence not to have seen it, considering how soon he flourished after Plautus, his being engaged in the same studies, and his having such access to the libraries of the Great. Among the fragments of Plautus is one verse said to be a line of the Colax: yet I am inclined

P R O L O G U E

Made Latin, That he stedfastly denies.

Yet if to other Poets 'tis not lawful
To draw the characters, our fathers drew,
How can it then be lawful to exhibit
Slaves running to and fro ; to represent
Good matrons, wanton harlots ; or to shew
An eating parasite, vain glorious soldier,
Supposititious children, bubbled dotards,
Or Love, or Hate, or Jealousy ?—In short
Nothing's said now, but has been said before.
Weigh then these things with candour, and forgive
The Moderns, if what Antients did, they do.

Attend, and list in silence to our play,
That ye may know what 'tis the Eunuch means.

clined to believe Plautus never translated Menander's Colax. The character of the Vain-Glorious Soldier here mentioned I am apt to think the same with that which is the Hero of Plautus's Comedy now extant, and called *Miles Gloriosus* ; from which Terence could not take his Thraso. Pyrgopolinices and Thraso are both full of themselves, both boast of their valour, and their intimacy with princes, and both fancy themselves beloved by all the women, who see them ; and they are both played off by their Parasites ; but they differ in their manners and their speech. Plautus's Pyrgopolinices is always in the clouds, and talking big, and of blood and wounds, like our heroes commonly called Derby Captains. Terence's Thraso never says too little, or too much, but is an easy ridiculous character, continually supplying the Audience with mirth, without the wild extravagant bluster of Pyrgopolinices, Plautus and Terence both took their Soldiers and Parasites from Menander, but gave them different dresses. COOKE.

Though there is much good criticism in the above note, it is certain that Plautus did not take his *Miles Gloriosus* from the Colax of Menander, as he himself informs us it was translated from a Greek Play called *Αλαζων*, the Boaster, and the Parasite is but a trifling character in that Play, never appearing after the first scene.

T H E

T H E
E U N U C H.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter PHÆDRIA and PARMENO.

Phæd. * **A**ND what then shall I do? not go?
not now?

When she herself invites me? or were't best
Fashion my mind no longer to endure
These harlots' impudence?—Shut out! recall'd!
Shall I return? No, not if she implore me.

Par. Oh brave! oh excellent! if you maintain it!
But if you try, and can't go thro' with spirit,
And finding you can't bear it, uninvited,
Your peace unmade, all of your own accord,
You come and swear you love, and can't endure it;
Good night! all's over! ruin'd and undone!
She'll jilt you, when she sees you in her pow'r.

Phæd. You then, in time consider and advise!

Par. Master! the thing which hath not in itself
Or

* *And what then, &c.*] Phædria enters, as having
deliberated a long time within himself, and at last break-
ing out in these words. DONATUS.

Horace and Persius have both imitated this beau-
tiful passage in their satires.

Or measure or advice, advice can't rule:
 In love are all these ills: suspicions, quarrels,
 Wrongs, reconcilements, war, and peace again:
 Things thus uncertain; if by reason's rule
 You'd certain make, it were as wise a task
 To try with reason to run mad. And now
 What you in anger meditate—* I her?
 That him?—that me? that would not—pardon me!
 I would die rather: No! she shall perceive
 How much I am a man.—Big words like these,
 She in good faith with one false tiny drop,
 Which after grievous rubbing, from her eyes
 Can scarce perforce be squeez'd, shall overcome.
 Nay, she shall swear, 'twas you in fault, not she;
 You too shall own th' offence, and pray for pardon.

Phæd. Oh monstrous! monstrous! now indeed
 How false she is, and what a wretch I am! [I see
 Spite of myself I love; and knowing, feeling,
 With open eyes run on to my destruction;
 And what to do I know not.

Par. What to do?

What *should* you do, Sir, but redeem yourself
 As cheaply as you can?—at easy rates

If

* *I her?—that him?—that me?—that would not—*
 An abrupt manner of speaking familiar to persons in
 anger, for the sentences are to be understood thus. I
go to her?—that receiv'd him?—that excluded me?—
that would not let me in: for indignation loves to deal
 in the Elleipsis and Aposiopesis. DONATUS.

As the Pronouns in our language admit a variation
 of Case, I saw no reason why I should not literally
 copy the beautiful *egone illum?* &c. of Terence.

If possible—if not—at any rate—
And never vex yourself.

Phæd. Is that your counsel?

Par. Ay, if you're wise; and do not add to love
More troubles than it has, and those it has
Bear bravely! * But she comes, our ruin comes;
For she, like storms of hail on fields of corn,
Beats down our hopes, and carries all before her.

S C E N E II.

Enter THAIS.

Thais. Alas me! I fear lest Phædria take offence,
And think I meant it other than I did,
That he was not admitted yesterday.

[*to herself not seeing him.*]

Phæd. I tremble, Parmeno, and freeze with horror.

Par. Be of good cheer! approach yon fire--she'll
warm you. [stand here?]

Thais. Who's there? my Phædria? Why did you
Why not directly enter?

Par.

* *But she comes, our ruin comes: For she, &c.]*
There is an extreme elegance in this passage in the
original. There is much the same sentiment in the
Cymbeline of Shakespeare: and I believe, upon a fair
comparison between them, the learned reader will
agree with me, that the passage in the English poet is
not only equal, but even superior in beauty to that in
Terence.

Sed ecce ipsa egreditur, nostri fundi calamitas.

Nam quod nos capere oportet, hæc intercipit. TER.

— — — — — comes in my father:

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from blowing. CYMBELINE, ACT I.

Par. Not one word
Of having shut him out!

Thais. Why don't you speak? [fly

Pbæd. Because, forsooth, these doors will always
Open to me, or that because I stand

The first in your good graces. [ironically.

Thais. Nay, no more! [heaven

Pbæd. No more?—O *Thais*, *Thais*, would to
Our loves were parallel, that things like these
Might torture you, as this has tortur'd me;
Or that your actions were indifferent to me!

Thais. Grieve not, I beg, my love, my *Phædria*!
Not that I lov'd another more, I did this,
But I by circumstance was forc'd to do it.

Par. So then, it seems, for very love, poor soul,
You shut the door in's teeth.

Thais. Ah, *Parmeno*!
Is't thus you deal with me? Go to!—But hear
Why I did call you hither?

Pbæd. Be it so. [peace?

Thais. But tell me first, can you slave hold his

Par. I? oh most faithfully; But hark ye, madam!
On this condition do I bind my faith:

The truths I hear, I will conceal; whate'er
Is false, or vain, or feign'd, I'll publish it.

I'm full of chinks, and run through here and there:
So if you claim my secrecy, speak truth.

Thais. * My mother was a Samian, liv'd at
Rhodes. *Par.*

* *My mother was a Samian, liv'd at Rhodes.*] An
indirect and tender manner of acknowledging her
mother to be a courtesan, by saying she was a native
of

Par. This sleeps in silence. [*archly.*]

Thais. There a certain merchant
Made her a present of a little girl,
Stol'n hence from Attica.

Pbæd. A citizen?

Thais. I think so, but we cannot tell for certain:
Her father's and her mother's name she told
Herself; her country, and the other marks
Of her original, she neither knew,
Nor, from her age, was't possible she should.
The merchant added further, that the pirates,
Of whom he bought her, let him understand,
She had been stol'n from Sunium. My mother
Gave her an education, brought her up
In all respects as she had been her own;
And she in gen'ral was suppos'd my sister.
I journied hither with the gentleman
To whom alone I was connected then,
The same who left me all I have.

Par. Both these
Are false, and shall go forth at large.

Thais. Why so?

Par. Because nor you with one could be content,
Nor he alone enrich'd you; for my master
Made good and large addition.

Thais. I allow it.
But let me hasten to the point I wish.
Meantime the Captain, who was then but young
In

of one place, and lived in another. For this reason
courtezans were called *strangers*; and on this circum-
stance depends the archness and malice of Parmeno's
answer. DONATUS.

In his attachment to me went to Caria.
 I, in his absence, was address'd by you ;
 Since when, full well you know, how very dear
 I've held you, and have trusted you with all
 My nearest counsels.

Pbæd. And yet Parmeno
 Will not be silent even here.

Par. Oh, Sir,
 Is that a doubt ?

Tbais. Nay, prithee now, attend !
 My mother's lately dead at Rhodes : her brother
 Too much intent on wealth, no sooner saw
 This virgin, handsome, well-accomplish'd, skill'd
 In musick, than spurr'd on by hopes of gain,
 In publick market he expos'd and sold her.
 It so fell out, my foldier-spark was there,
 And bought her, all unknowing these events ;
 To give to me : but soon as he return'd,
 And found how much I was attach'd to you,
 He feign'd excuses to keep back the girl ;
 Pretending, were he thoroughly convinc'd
 That I would still prefer him to yourself,
 Nor fear'd that when I had receiv'd the girl,
 I would abandon him, he'd give her to me ;
 But *that* he doubted. For my part, I think
 He is grown fond of her himself.

Pbæd. Is there
 Aught more between them ?

Tbais. No ; for I've enquir'd.
 And now, my Phædria, there are sundry causes
 Wherefore I wish to win the virgin from him.

First,

First, for she's call'd my sister : and moreover,
 That I to her relations may restore her.
 I'm a lone woman, have not friend, nor kin :
 Wherefore, my Phædria, I would raise up friends.
 By some good turn:—And you, I prithee now,
 Help me to do it. Let him some few days
 Be my gallant in chief. What ! no reply ?

Pbæd. Abandon'd woman ! can I aught reply ?
 To deeds like these ?

Par. Oh excellent ! well said !
 He feels at length : Now, master, you're a man.

Pbæd. I saw your story's drift.—A little girl
 Stol'n hence—My mother brought her up—was
 call'd,

My sister—I would fain obtain her from him.
 That I to her relations might restore her—
 All this preamble comes at last to this.
 I am excluded, he's admitted. Why ?
 But that you love him more than me, and fear
 Lest this young captive win your hero from you.

Tbais. Do I fear that ?

Pbæd. Why, prithee now, what else ?
 Does *He* bring gifts alone ? did'st e'er perceive
 My bounty shut against you ? Did I not
 Because you told me you'd be glad to have
 An Æthiopian servant-maid, all else
 Omitted, seek one out ? You said besides,
 You wish'd to have an Eunuch, 'cause forsooth,
 They were for dames of quality. I found one.
 For both I yesterday paid twenty *minæ*. *

Yet

* *Twenty Minæ.*] Equal to 64*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* of our money. COOKE.

Yet you contemn me—I forgot not these,
And for these I'm despis'd.

Tbais. Why this, my Phædria?
Tho' I would fain obtain the girl, and tho'
I think by these means it might well be done;
Yet, rather than make you my enemy,
I'll do as you command.

Pbæd. Oh, had you said
Those words sincerely. "Rather than make you
"My enemy!"—Oh, could I think those words
Came from your heart, what is't, I'd not endure!

Par. Gone! conquer'd with one word! alas,
how soon!

Tbais. Not speak sincerely? from my very soul?
What did you ever ask, altho' in sport,
But you obtain'd it of me? yet I can't
Prevail on you to grant but two short days.

Pbæd. Well—for two days—so those two be
not twenty.

Tbais. No in good faith but two, or—

Pbæd. Or? no more?

Tbais. It shall not be: but you will grant me
those.

Pbæd. Your will must be a law!

Tbais. Thanks, my sweet Phædria! [self

Pbæd. I'll to the Country: there consume my-
For these two days: it must be so: we must
Give way to Thais.—See you, Parmeno,
The slaves brought hither.

Par. Sir, I will.

Pbæd.

Phæd. My Thais,
For these two days, farewell!

Thais. Farewell, my Phædria!

Would you aught else, with me?

Phæd. Aught else, my Thais?

* Be with yon soldier present, as if absent:

All night and day love me: still long for me:

Dream, ponder still of me; wish, hope for me;

Delight in me; be all in all with me;

Give your whole heart, for mine's all your's to
me. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Manet. THAIS. †

Ah me! I fear that he believes me not,

And

* *Be with yon soldier, &c.*] Phædria's request to his mistress, upon leaving her for two days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

ADDISON'S *Spectator*, N^o. 170.

Imogen in the speech above cited from Shakespeare, expresses her intention to have said much the same kind of things on parting with Posthumus. As both the passages are extremely beautiful, it may not be disagreeable to the reader to compare them together.

I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or, I could make him swear,
The shees of Italy should not betray
Mine int'rest, and his honour; or have charg'd him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons; for then
I am in heaven with him, &c.

† *Manet* Thais.] The poet very judiciously reserves part of the argument to be told here, which Thais did

* And judges of my heart from those of others.
I in my conscience know, that nothing false

I have

did not relate to Phædria, because Parmeno was present: whom the poet keeps in ignotance, that he may with probability dare to assist Chærea in his attempt on the virgin. DONATUS.

* *And judges of my heart from those of others.*] Here Terence shews it to be his peculiar excellence to introduce common characters in a new manner, without departing from custom or nature: Since he draws a good courtesan, and yet engages and delights the spectator. DONATUS.

Under the name of Thais, Menander is supposed to have drawn the character of his own mistress, Glycere; and, it seems, he introduced a courtesan of the same name into several of his comedies. One comedy was entitled Thais, from which St. Paul took the sentence in his Epistle to the Corinthians. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Plutarch has also preserved four lines of the prologue to that comedy, in which the poet, in a kind of mock heroick manner invokes the muse, to teach him to draw the character of his heroine.

Εμοι μὲν ἐν αἰδέ τοιαύτην, θεά,
Θρασειαν, ὥρῃαν δὲ καὶ πιδανν ἀμὰ,
Αἰδικῶσαν, ἀποκλείσαν, αἰῶσαν πυκνὰ,
Μνηστῆρος ὄρωσαν, προσποιεμένην δ' αἶ.

PLUT. *de Audiend. Poët.*

Such therefore sing, O Goddess! Bold, but fair,
And blest with all the arts of fond persuasion;
Injurious, quarrellous, for ever craving,
Caring for none, but feigning love to all.

The word ἀποκλείσαν alludes particularly to the shutting out her lovers, the very injury offered to Phædria in this play.

Fontaine, probably for the same reasons that induced Baron to vary from his original, represents Thais as a young widow, instead of a courtesan.

I have deliver'd, nor to my true heart
 Is any dearer than this Phædria:
 And whatsoe'er in this affair I've done,
 For the girl's sake I've done: for I'm in hopes
 I know her brother, a right noble youth.
 To day I wait him, by his own appointment;
 Wherefore I'll in, and tarry for his coming.

ACT. II. SCENE I.

PHÆDRIA, PARMENO.

Phædria. * **C**ARRY the slaves according to my
Par. I will. [order.

Phæd. But diligently.

Par. Sir, I will.

Phæd. But soon.

Par. I will, Sir!

Phæd. Say, is it sufficient?

Par. Ah! what a question's that? as if it were
 So difficult! I wish, Sir Phædria,
 You could gain aught so easy, as lose these.

Phæd. I lose, what's dearer yet, my comfort
 Repine not at my gifts. [with them.

Par. Not I: moreover

I will convey them straight. But have you any
 Other commands?

Phæd.

* *Carry the Slaves, &c.*] This Scene contains a
 deal of lover's impertinence and idle talk, repeating
 what has been said before; and that too much over
 and over again, and in a tiresome manner. DONATUS.

If the Critic meant this note for a censure, it is in
 fact rather a commendation.

Phæd. O yes: Set off our presents
With words as handsome as you can; and drive,
As much as possible, that rival from her! [that.

Par. Ah, Sir! I should, of course, remember

Phæd. I'll to the country, and stay there.

Par. O, ay! [ironically.

Phæd. But hark you!

Par. Sir, your pleasure?

Phæd. Do you think

I can with constancy hold out, and not
Return before my time?

Par. Hold out? Not you.

Either you'll straight return, or soon at night
Your dreams will drive you out o' doors.

Phæd. I'll toil;

That, weary, I may sleep against my will.

Par. Weary you may be; but you'll never sleep.

Phæd. Ah, Parmeno, you wrong me. I'll cast
out

This treacherous softness from my soul, nor thus
Indulge my passions. Yes I could remain,
If need, without her even three whole days.

Par. * Hui! three whole livelong days! con-

Phæd. I am resolved. [sider, Sir.

PAR-

* *Hui! three whole day!*] *Hui! UNIVORSUM tri-
dium!—Crites.* To read Macrobius, explaining the
propriety and elegance of many words in Virgil, which
I had before passed over without consideration, as com-
mon things, is enough to assure me that I ought to
think the same of Terence; and that in the purity of
his stile, (which Tully so much valued, that he ever
carried his works about him) there is yet left in him
great

PARMENO *alone.*

* Heav'ns, what a strange disease is this! that love
Should so change men, that one can hardly swear
They are the same!—No mortal liv'd
Less weak, more grave, more temperate than he.

—But

great room for admiration, if I knew but where to place it.

Eugenius. I should have been led to a consideration of the wit of the ancients, had not Crites given me sufficient warning not to be too bold in my judgment of it; because the languages being dead, and many of the customs, and little accidents, on which it depended, lost to us, we are not competent judges of it. But though I grant, that here and there we may miss the application of a proverb or a custom, yet a thing well said will be wit in all languages; and though it may lose something in the translation, yet to him who reads it in the original, it is still the same. He has an idea of it's excellence, though it cannot pass from his mind into any other expression or words than those in which he finds it. When Phædria in the Eunuch had a command from his mistress to be absent two days, and encouraging himself to go through with it, said, *Tandem ego, non illa caream, si opus sit, vel totum triduum?* Parmeno, to mock the softness of his master, lifting up his hands and eyes, cries out, as it were in admiration, *Hui! univorsum triduum!* the elegance of which *univorsum*, though it cannot be rendered in our language, yet leaves an impression on our souls. But this happens seldom in him, in Plautus oftner; who is infinitely too bold in his metaphors, and coining words; out of which many times his wit is nothing.

DRYDEN'S *Essay of Dramatic Poesie.*

* *Heav'ns, what a strange, &c.*] Part of Benedict's soliloquy in the second act of *Much ado about Nothing* is much in the same vein with this of Parmeno; only that it is heightened by the circumstance of it's being immediately previous to his falling in love himself.

—But who comes yonder?—Gnatho, as I live;
 The Captain's parasite! and brings along
 The Virgin for a present: oh rare wench!
 * How beautiful! I shall come off, I doubt,
 But scurvily with my decrepit Eunuch.
 This Girl surpasses ev'n Thais herself.

SCENE II.

† *Enter GNATHO leading PAMPHILA;
 PARMENO behind.*

Gnat.

* *How beautiful, &c.*] The Poet makes Parmeno take notice of her extraordinary beauty, in order to make the violence of Chærea's passion for her the more probable. DONATUS.

† *Enter Gnatbo.*] These characters, the Parasite and the Soldier, as the Poet himself confesses, are not in the Eunuch of Menander, but taken from the Colax.

DONATUS.

Two actions, equally laboured and driven on by the writer, would destroy the unity of the poem; it would be no longer one play, but two: Not but that there may be many actions in a play, as Ben Jonson has observed in his Discoveries, but they must be all subservient to the great one, which our language happily expresses in the name of under-plots: Such as in Terence's Eunuch is the difference and reconciliation of Thais and Phædria, which is not the chief business of the play, but promotes the marriage of Chærea and Chremes's sister, principally intended by the poet. There ought to be but one action, says Corneille, that is, one complete action, which leaves the mind of the audience in a full repose; but this cannot be brought to pass, but by many other imperfect actions which conduce to it, and hold the audience in a delightful suspense of what will be.

DRYDEN's *Essay of Dramatic Poesis.*

Instead

Gnat. * Good heav'ns! how much one man
excels another!

What diff'rence 'twixt a wise man and a fool!
What just now happen'd proves it: Coming hither
I met with an old countryman, a man
Of my own place and order, like myself,
No scurvy fellow, who, like me had spent
In mirth and jollity his whole estate.
He was in a most wretched trim; his looks
Lean, sick, and dirty; and his cloaths, all rags.
How now! cry'd I, what means this figure, friend?
Alas, says he, my patrimony's gone.
—Ah, how am I reduc'd! my old acquaintance
And friends all shun me.—Hearing this, how cheap
I held him in comparison with me!

Why,

Instead of the quarrels of *Thais* and *Phædria*, which were most probably in the *Eunuch* of *Menander*, it would have been better to have instanced the characters taken from the *Colax*; which *Terence* has very artfully connected with the rest of the fable, by representing the *Girl*, loved by *Chærea*, as given to *Thais* by *Thrafo*, which produces the absence of *Phædria*, leaves room for the comical imposture of *Chærea*, and, although adscititious, becomes the main spring of the whole action.

* *Good Heavens!* &c.] This is the only scene in *Terence*, which I remember, that can be charged with being superfluous. *Thrafo* has made a present to *Thais* of a young *Girl*. *Gnatho* is to carry her. Going along with her, he amuses himself with giving the *Spectator* a most agreeable eulogium on his profession. But was that the time for it? Let *Gnatho* pay due attention on the stage to the young woman whom he is charged with, and let him say what he will to himself, I consent to it. *DIDEROT*.

Why, how now? wretch, said I, most idle wretch!
 Have you spent all, nor left ev'n hope behind?
 What! have you lost your sense with your estate?
 Me!—look on me—come from the same condition!
 How sleek! how neat! how clad! in what good case?
 I've ev'ry thing, though nothing; nought possess,
 Yet nought I ever want.—Ah, Sir, but I
 Have an unhappy temper, and can't bear
 To be the butt of others, or to take
 A beating now and then.—How then d'ye think
 Those are the means of thriving? No, my friend!
 Such formerly indeed might drive a trade:

* But mine's a new profession, I the first

That

* *But mine's a new profession, &c.*] Though the Vain Man and the Flatterer were characters in great measure dependant on each other, and therefore commonly shown together, yet it is most probable, that in the Colax of Menander, from whence Gnatho and Thraso were taken by our author, the Parasite was the chief character, as in the *Αλαζων* or the Boaster, the Greek Comedy from which Plautus took his Miles Gloriosus, the Braggadochio Captain was most probably the principal. But this I think is not all: for in the present instance the Poet seems to have intended to introduce a new sort of Parasite, never seen upon the stage before; the master of a more delicate manner of adulation than ordinary flatterers, and supporting his consequence with his patron at the same time that he lives upon him, and laughs at him. *Comedendo & deridendo.* Gnatho's acquaintance describes the old school of Parasites, which gives him occasion to shew in his turn, the superior excellence of the new sect, of which he is himself the founder. The first of these, as Madam Dacier observes justly, was the exact definition of a Parasite, who is described on almost every occasion

That ever struck into this road. There are
 A kind of men, who wish to be the head
 Of ev'ry thing; but are not. These I follow;
 Not for their sport and laughter, but for gain
 To laugh with them, and wonder at their parts:
 Whate'er they say, I praise it; if again
 They contradict, I praise that too: Does any
 Deny? I too deny: Affirm? I too
 Affirm: and in a word I've brought myself
 To say, unsay, swear, and forswear, at pleasure:
 And that is now the best of all professions.

Par. A special fellow this! who drives fools mad.

Gnat. Deep in this conversation, we at length

G 3

Come

occasion by Plautus, as a fellow beaten, kicked, and
 cuffed at pleasure.

*Et hic quidem, hercle, nisi qui colophos perpeti
 Potis Parasitus, frangique aulas in caput,
 Vel ire extra portam trigeminam ad saccum licet.*

CAPTEIVEI, ACT I.

And here the Parasite, unless he can
 Bear blows, and have pots broken on his scone,
 Without the city-gate may beg his bread.

Gnatho, on the contrary, by his artful adulation,
 contrives to be caressed instead of ill-treated. Had the
 Colax of Plautus at least remained to us, we should
 perhaps have seen the specifick difference between Him
 and other Parasites more at large. In the Eunuch
 Gnatho is but episodical; but if this manner of con-
 sidering his character be not too refined, it accounts for
 the long speech, so obnoxious to Diderot, with which
 he introduces himself to the audience; throws a new
 light on all he says and does; and is a strong proof of
 the excellence of Menander in drawing characters.
 However this may be, it is certain that Gnatho is one
 of the most agreeable Parasites in any play, antient or
 modern, except the incomparable Falstaff.

Come to the Market, where the sev'ral tradesmen,
 Butchers, cooks, grocers, poult'ers, fishmongers,
 (Who once did profit, and still profit by me)
 All run with joy to me, salute, invite,
 And bid me welcome. He, poor half-starv'd wretch,
 Soon as he saw me thus carest, and found
 I got my bread so easily, desired
 He might have leave to learn that art of me.
 I bade him follow me, if possible:
 And, as the Schools of the Philosophers
 Have ta'en from the Philosophers their names,
 So, in like manner, let all Parasites
 Be call'd from me Gnathonicks!

Par. Mark, what ease,
 And being kept at other's cost produces!
Gnat. But hold, I must convey this girl to Thais,
 And bid her forth to sup.—Ha, Parmeno!
 Our rival's slave, standing at Thais' door!
 —How melancholy he appears! All's safe:
 These poor rogues find but a cold welcome here.
 I'll play upon this Knave. [*aside.*]

Par. These fellows think
 This present will make Thais all their own. [*aside.*]

Gnat. To Parmeno, his lov'd and honour'd friend,
 Gnatho sends greeting. [*ironically.*]—* What

Par. My Legs. [are you upon?
Gnat.

* *What are you upon?—My Legs.] Quid agitur?—*
Statur. A mere play upon words, which is also in the
Pseudolus of Plautus. There is much the same kind of
 conceit with the present in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.
Falstaff. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am
Pistol. Two Yards and more. [About.

Gnat. I see it.—Is there nothing here
Displeasing to you ?

Par. You.

Gnat. I do believe it.

But prithee, is there nothing else ?

Par. Wherefore ?

Gnat. Because you're melancholy.

Par. Not at all.

[*dy'e think*

Gnat. Well, do not be so!—Pray, now, what
Of this young handmaid ?

Par. Troth, she's not amiss.

Gnat. I plague the rascal. [*half-aside.*

Par. How the knave's deceiv'd ! [*half-aside.*

Gnat. Will not this gift be very acceptable
To Thais, think you ?

Par. You'd insinuate

That we're shut out.—There is, alas, a change
In all things.

Gnat. For these six months, Parmeno,
For six whole months at least, I'll make you easy ;
You shan't run up and down, and watch till day—
Come, don't I make you happy ? [*light ;*

Par. Very happy.

Gnat. 'Tis my way with my friends.

Par. You're very good.

Gnat. But I detain you: you perhaps were going
Somewhere else.

Par. No where.

Gnat. May I beg you then
To use your int'rest here, and introduce me
To Thais ?

Par. Hence ! away ! these doors

Fly open now, because you carry her.

Gnat. Wou'd you have any one call'd forth?

[*Exit.*

Par. Well, well!

Pass but two days; and you, so welcome now,
That the doors open with your little finger,
Shall kick against them then, I warrant you,
Till your heels ach again.

Re-Enter GNATHO.

Gnat. Ha! Parmeno

Are you here still? What! are you left a Spy,
Left any Go-between should run by stealth
To Thais from the Captain?

[*Exit.*

Par. Very smart!

No wonder such a wit delights the captain!
But hold! I see my master's younger son
Coming this way. I wonder much he should
Desert Piræus, * where he's now on guard.
'Tis not for nothing. All in haste he comes,
And seems to look about.

S C E N E III.

Enter CHÆREA; PARMENO behind.

Chær. Undone! Undone!

The Girl is lost; I know not where she is,

Nor

* *Desert Piræus.*] Piræus, as well as Sunium,
was a maritime town of Attica, with a port, where
the Athenian youth were placed on guard, to watch
against the incursions of Pirates, or other enemies.
DONATUS.

Nor where I am : Ah, whither shall I trace?
Where seek? of whom enquire? or which way
I'm all uncertain; but have one hope still: [turn?
Where'er she is, she cannot long lie hid.

O charming face! all others from my memory
Hence I blot out. * Away with common beauties!

Par. So, here's the other! and he mutters too
I know not what of love. O what a poor
Unfortunate old man their father is!
As for this stripling, if he once begin,
His brother's is but jest and children's play
To his mad fury.

Chær. Twice ten thousand curses
Seize the old wretch, who kept me back to-day;
And me for staying! with a fellow too
I did not care a farthing for!—But see!
Yonder stands Parmeno.—Good day!

Par. How now?
Wherefore so sad? and why this hurry, Chærea?
Whence come you?

Chær. I? I cannot tell, i'faith,
Whence I am come, or whither I am going,
I've so entirely lost myself.

Par. And why?

Chær. I am in Love.

Par. Oh brave!

Chær. Now, Parmeno,

Now

* *Away with common beauties!*] *Tædet quotidiana-
rum harum formarum.* It is impossible to translate this
passage without losing much of it's elegance, which
consists in the three words ending in *arum*, which are
admirably adapted to express disgust, and make us even
feel that sensation. DACIER.

Now you may shew what kind of man you are.
 You know you've often told me; Chærea,
 Find something out to set your heart upon,
 And mark how I will serve you! yes, you know
 You've often said so, when I scrap'd together
 All the provisions for you at my father's.

Par. Away, you trifler!

Chær. Nay, in faith, it's true:
 Now make your promise good! and in a cause
 Worthy the utmost reachings of your soul:
 A girl my Parmeno, not like our misses;
 Whose mothers try to keep their shoulders down,
 And bind their bosoms, that their shapes may seem
 Genteel and slim. Is a girl rather plump?
 * They call her Nurse, and stint her in her food:
 Thus art, in spite of nature, makes them all
 Mere bulrushes: and therefore they're belov'd.

Par. And what's this girl of your's?

Chær. A miracle.

Par. Oh, to be sure!

Chær. True, natural red and white;
 Her body firm, and full of precious stuff!

Par. Her age?

Chær. About sixteen.

Par. The very prime!

[intreaty,

Chær. This girl, by force, by stealth, or by
 Procure me! how I care not, so I have her.

Par. Well, whom does she belong to?

Chær. I don't know.

Par.

* *They call her Nurse.] Pugilem esse aiunt.* Literally,
they call her Boxer. The learned, I hope, will pardon,
 and the Ladies approve my softening this passage.

Par. Whence comes she?

Chær. I can't tell.

Par. Where does she live?

Chær. I can't tell neither.

Par. Where was it you saw her?

Chær. Here in the street.

Par. And how was it you lost her?

Chær. Why, it was that, which I so fum'd about;

As I came hither! nor was ever man

So jilted by good fortune, as myself.

Par. What mischief now?

Chær. Confounded luck!

Par. How so?

Chær. How so! d'ye know one Archidemides,
My father's kinsman, and about his age?

Par. Full well.

Chær. As I was in pursuit of her
He met me.

Par. Rather inconveniently.

Chær. Oh most unhappily! for other ills
May be told, Parmeno!—I could swear too,
For six, nay seven months, I had not seen him,
Till now when least I wish'd and most would shun it.
Is not this monstrous? Eh!

Par. Oh! very monstrous.

Chær. Soon as from far he saw me, instantly,
Bent, trembling, drop-jaw'd, gasping, out of breath,
He hobbled up to me.—Holo! ho! Chærea!—
I stopt.--D'ye know what I want with you?--What?
—I have a cause to-morrow.--Well! what then?—
—Fail not to tell your father, he remember

To

To go up with me, * as an advocate.—
His prating took some time.—Aught else? said I.
Nothing, said he:—Away flew I, and saw
The girl that instant turn into this street.

Par. Sure he must mean the virgin, just now
To Thais for a present. [brought

Chær. Soon as I
Came hither, she was out of sight.

Par. Had she
Any attendants?

Chær. Yes; a parasite,
With a maid-servant.

Par. 'Tis the very same:
Away! have done! † all's over.

Chær. What d'ye mean?

Par. The Girl I mean.

Chær. D'ye know then who she is?
Tell me!—or have you seen her?

Par. Yes, I've seen her;
I know her; and can tell you where she is.

Chær. How! my dear Parmeno, d'ye know her?

Par. Yes.

Chær. And where she is, d'ye know?

Par. Yes,—there she is; [pointing.
Carried to Madam Thais for a present.

Chær.

* *As an advocate.*] The word, Advocate, *Advocatus*, did not bear the same sense then as it does with us at present. The Advocates, *Advocati*, were friends that accompanied those who had causes, either to do them honour, or to appear as witnesses, or to render them some other service. DACIER.

† *All's over.*] *Jam conclamatum est.* A metaphor taken from the Funeral Ceremonies of the Ancients.

Chær. What monarch could bestow a gift so precious?

Par. The mighty Captain Thraſo, Phædria's

Chær. Alas, poor brother! [rival.

Par. Ay, and if you knew

The gift he ſends to be compar'd with this,

You'd cry Alas, indeed!

Chær. * What is his gift?

Par. An Eunuch.

Chær. What that old and ugly ſlave,
That he bought yeſterday?

Par. The very ſame.

Chær. Why, ſurely, he'll be trundled out o'doors
He and his gift together—I ne'er knew
Till now that Thais was our neighbour.

Par. She

Has not been long ſo.

Chær. Ev'ry way unlucky!

Ne'er to have ſeen her neither!—Prithee, tell me,

† Is ſhe ſo handsome, as ſhe's ſaid to be?

Par. Yes faith!

Chær.

* *What is his Gift.*] Obſerve with what addreſs Terence proceeds to the main part of his argument: the Eunuch being caſually mentioned ſuggeſts, as it were of courſe, the ſtratagem of impoſing Chærea upon the family of Thais for him. DONATUS.

† *Is ſhe ſo handsome, as ſhe's ſaid to be?*] Another inſtance of the art of Terence, in preſerving the probability of Chærea's being received for the Eunuch. He was ſuch a ſtranger to the family, that he himſelf did not even know the perſon of Thais. It is added, further, that ſhe has not lived long in the neighbourhood, and the young fellow has been chiefly at Piræus. DONATUS.

Cbær. But nothing to compare to mine.

Par. Oh, quite another thing.

Cbær. But Parmeno!

Contrive that I may have her.

Par. Well, I will.

Depend on my assistance:—have you any

Further commands? [*as if going.*]

Cbær. Where are you going?

Par. Home;

To bring, according to your brother's order,
The slaves to Thais.

Cbær. Oh, that happy Eunuch!

To be convey'd into that house!

Par. Why so?

[*ing Girl*]

Cbær. Why so? why, he shall have that charm-
His fellow-servant, see her, speak with her,
Be with her in the same house all day long,
And sometimes eat, and sometime sleep by her.

Par. And what if You should be so happy?

Cbær. How?

Tell me, dear Parmeno!

Par. Assume his dress.

Cbær. His dress! what then?

Par. I'll carry you for him.

Cbær. I hear you.

Par. I will say that you are he.

Cbær. I understand you.

Par. So shall you enjoy

Those blessings, which but now you envied him:
Eat with her, be with her, touch, toy with her,
And sleep by her: since none of Thais' maids
Know you, or dream of what you are. Besides

Your

Your figure, and your age are such, that you
May well pass for an Eunuch.

Chær. Oh, well said!

I ne'er heard better counsel. Come, let's in!
Dress me, and carry me! Away, make haste!

Par. What are you at? I did but jest.

Chær. You trifle.

[whither

Par. I'm ruin'd: Fool, what have I done?—Nay
D'ye push me thus? you'll throw me down. Nay

Chær. Away.

[stay!

Par. Nay prithee!

Chær. I'm resolv'd.

Par. Consider;

You carry this too far.

Chær. No, not at all.

Give way!

Par. * And Parmeno must pay for all.

Ah, we do wrong!

Chær. † Is it then wrong, for me
To be convey'd into a house of harlots,
And turn those very arts on them, with which
They hamper us, and turn our youth to scorn?

Can

* *And Parmeno must pay for all.] Istæc in me cudetur faba.* Literally, *the bean will be threshed on me.* A Proverb taken from the countrymen's threshing Beans; or from the cooks dressing them, who when they had not moistened them enough, but left them hard and tough, were sure to have them thrown at their heads.
DONATUS.

The commentators give us several other interpretations of this proverb.

† *Is it then wrong.]* Here Terence obliquely defends the subject of the piece. DONATUS.

Can it be wrong for me too, in my turn,
 To deceive them, by whom we're all deceiv'd?
 No, rather let it be! 'tis just to play
 This trick upon them: which, if greybeards know,
 They'll blame indeed, but all will think well done.

Par. Well, if you must, you must; but do not
 After all's over, throw the blame on me. [then,

Chær. No, no!

Par. But do you order me?

Chær. I do:

Order, command, force.

Par. Oh, I'll not dispute
 Your pow'r. So, follow me.

Chær. Heav'n speed the plough!

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter THRASO, and GNATHO.

Thraso. **A**ND Thais then returns me many
Gnat. Ten thousand. [thanks?

Thra. Say, is she delighted with it?

Gnat. Not so much with the gift itself, as that
 By you 'twas given: But therein she triumphs.

Enter PARMENO behind.

Par. I'm come to look about me, and observe
 A proper opportunity to bring
 My presents. But behold the Captain!

Thra. 'Tis
 Something, I know not how, peculiar to me,

Tha

That all I do's agreeable.

Gnat. In truth
I have observ'd it.

Tbra. E'en the King always
Held himself much obliged, whate'er I did;
Not so to others.

Gnat. Men of wit, like you,
The glory, got by others' care and toil,
Often transfer unto themselves.

Tbra. You've hit it.

Gnat. The king then held you——

Tbra. Certainly.

Gnat. Most dear.  [me,

Tbra. Most near. He trusted his whole army to
His counsels.——

Gnat. Wonderful!

Tbra. And then, whene'er
Satiety of company, or hate
Of business seiz'd him—when he would repose—
As if—you understand me.

Gnat. Perfectly.
When he wou'd—in a manner—clear his stomach
Of all uneasiness.

Tbra. The very thing.
On such occasions he chose none but me.

Gnat. Hui! there's a king indeed! a king of taste!

Tbra. One of a thousand.

Gnat. Of a million sure!
—If he could live with you. [aside.

Tbra. The courtiers all
Began to envy me, and rail'd in secret:

I car'd

I car'd not ; whence their spleen increas'd the more.
One in particular, who had the charge
Of th' Indian elephants ; who grew at last
So very troublesome, " I prithee, Strato,
" Are you so savage, and so fierce, (says I)
" Because you're governor of the wild beasts ?

Gnat. Oh, finely said ! and shrewdly ! Excellent !
Too hard upon him !—what said He to't ?

Tbra. Nothing.

Gnat. And how the devil should he ?

Par. Gracious heav'n !

The stupid coxcomb !—and that rascal too ! [*aside.*

Tbra. Ay ! but the story of the Rhodian, Gnatho !
How smart I was upon him at a feast—
Did I ne'er tell you ?

Gnat. Never : but pray do !

—I've heard it o'er and o'er a thousand times. [*aside.*

Tbra. We were by chance together at a feast—
This Rhodian, that I told you of, and I.—
I, as it happen'd, had a wench : The spark
Began to toy with her, and laugh at me.

" Why how now, Impudence ! (said I) are You
" A hare yourself, and yet would hunt for game ?

Gnat. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Tbra. What's the matter ?

Gnat. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Witty ! smart ! excellent ! incomparable !
Is it your own ? I swear I thought 'twas old.

Tbra. Why did you ever hear it ?

Gnat. Very often ;

And reckon'd admirable.

Tbra.

Tbra. 'Tis my own.

Gnat. And yet 'twas pity to be so severe
On a young fellow, and a gentleman.

Par. Ah! devil take you! [*aside.*]

Gnat. What became of him?

Tbra. It did for him. The company were all
Ready to die with laughing:—in a word
They dreaded me.

Gnat. No wonder.

Tbra. Harkye, Gnatho!

Thais, you know, suspects I love this Girl.
Shall I acquit myself?

Gnat. On no account.

Rather increafe her jealousy.

Tbra. And why? [know!]

Gnat. Why?—do you ask?—as if you didn't
Whene'er she mentions Phædria, or whene'er
She praises him, to vex you——

Tbra. I perceive.

Gnat. To hinder that you've only this resource.
When she names Phædria, name you Pamphila.
If she should say, come! let's have Phædria
To dinner with us!—ay, and Pamphila
To sing to us!—if she praise Phædria's person,
Praise you the Girl's! so give her tit for tat,
And gall Her in her turn.

Tbra. Suppose she lov'd me,
This might avail me, Gnatho!

Gnat. While she loves
The presents which you give, expecting more,
So long she loves you; and so long you may

Have

Have pow'r to vex her. She will always fear
To make you angry, lest some other reap
The harvest, which she now enjoys alone.

Tbra. You're right: and yet I never thought of it.

Gnat. Ridiculous! because you did not turn
Your thoughts that way; or with how much more
Wou'd you have hit on this device yourself! [ease

* S C E N E II.

Enter THAIS and PYTHIAS.

Thais. I thought I heard the Captain's voice:
Good-day, my Thrafo! [and see!

Tbra. Oh my Thais, welcome!
How does my sweeting?—are you fond of me
For sending you that musick-girl?

Par. Oh brave!
He sets out nobly!

Thais. For your worth I love you.

Gnat. Come, let's to supper! why do you delay?

Par. Mark t'other! he's † a chip of the old
block.

Thais.

* *Scene second.*] Several persons of the play are concerned in this scene, and yet, by the art and excellence of the Poet, there arises no confusion of dialogue; each speech being admirably adapted to the character to which it is appropriated. DONATUS.

† *A Chip of the old Block.*] *Ex homine hunc natum dicas.* There has been much dispute about the meaning of these words. The old familiar expression, which I have made use of, is, I think, agreeable to the obvious and natural meaning of them. That Dryden understood

Thais. I'm ready when you please.

Par. I'll up to her,

And seem as if but now come forth.—Ha! *Thais*,
Where are you gadding?

Thais. Well met, *Parmeno*!

I was just going—

Par. Whither?

Thais. Don't you see
The Captain?

Par. Yes, I see him—to my sorrow.

The presents from my master wait your pleasure.

Thra. Why do we stop thus? wherefore go not
hence? [angrily.

Par. Beseech you, Captain, let us, with your
leave,

Produce our presents, * treat, and parley with her!

Thra. Fine gifts, I warrant you, compar'd with
mine!

Par. They'll answer for themselves. — Holo,
there! order [this way!

The slaves, I told you, to come forth.—Here,
Enter

derstood them in this sense is evident from the following
passage.

“ In the New Comedy of the Græcians, the Poets
sought indeed to express the *ἦθος*, as in their Tragedies
the *πᾶθος* of mankind. But this contained only the general
characters of men and manners; that is, one old
man or father, one lover, one courtesan, so like another
as if the first of them had begot the rest of every
sort. *Ex homine hunc natum dicas.*

Essay of Dramatick Poesie.

* *Treat, and parley with her.*] *Convenire & colloqui.*
Military terms; used by *Parmeno* to sneer at *Thraſo*.
DONATUS.

Enter a Black Girl.

Do You stand forward! — This girl, ma'am,
From Æthiopia. [comes quite

Tbra. * Worth about three Minæ.

Gnat. Scarce. [hither!

Par. Ho! where are you, Dorus?—oh, come

Enter Chærea in the Eunuch's habit.

An Eunuch, Madam!—of a lib'ral air,
And in his prime!

Tbais. Now as I live, he's handsome!

Par. What say you, Gnatho? Is he despicable?
Or, Captain, what say You?—Dumb?—Praise,
sufficient!

Try him in letters, exercises, musick:
In all the arts, a gentleman should know,
† I'll warrant him accomplish'd.

Tbra. Troth, that Eunuch
Is well enough.

Par. And he who sends these presents,
Requires

* *Worth about three Minæ.*] A Mina was equal to
3 l. 4 s. 7 d. COOKE.

† *I'll warrant him accomplish'd.*] From the follow-
ing passage in Twelfth Night, concerning the disguise
of Viola, one might be almost tempted to imagine
that Shakespeare had the Eunuch of Terence in his eye.
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke;
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him;
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow me very worth his service.

Requires you not to live for him alone,
 And for his sake to shut out all mankind :
 Nor does he tell his battles, shew his wounds,
 Or shackle your free will, as some folks do.

[*looking at Thraſo.*

But when 'twill not be troublesome, or when
 You've leiſure, in due ſeaſon, he's content
 If *then* he is admitted.

Tbra. This poor fellow
 Seems to belong to a poor wretched maſter.

Gnat. Beyond all doubt; for who that could
 obtain

Another, would endure a ſlave like this?

Par. Peace, wretch, that art below the mean-
 eſt ſlave!

You, that could bring your mind ſo very low,
 As to cry Ay and No at yon fool's bidding,
 I'm ſure, might * get your bread out o' the fire.

Tbra. Why don't we go? [*impatiently.*

Thais. Let me but carry in
 Theſe firſt, and give ſome orders in the houſe,
 And I'll attend you.

[*Exit with Chærea, and the Æthiopian.*

Tbra. I'll depart from hence.

Gnatho, wait you for her!

Par. It ill beſeems
 The dignity of a renown'd commander,
 T'eſcort

* *Get your bread out of the fire.*] *E flammâ petere cibum.* A proverb to expreſs the loweſt degree of meanness and infamy: taken from a cuſtom among the Antients of throwing victuals into the fire, at the time of burning their dead; to eat which was looked on as an act of the greateſt in dignity. COOKE.

T'escort his mistress in the street.

Tbra. Away, [master. *[Exit Par.*
Slave! you're beneath my notice — like your

Gnat. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Tbra. What moves your laughter?

Gnat. That

You said just now: and then the Rhodian came
Across my mind.—But Thais comes.

Tbra. Go, run,
And see that ev'ry thing's prepared at home!

Gnat. It shall be done. *[Exit.*

Thais. [*entering with Pythias*] * Take care
now, Pythias,

Great care, if Chremes come, to press him stay;
Or, if that's inconvenient, to return:

If that's impossible, then bring him to me!

Pyth. I'll do so.

Thais. Hold! what else had I to say?
Take care, be sure, of yonder virgin! see,
You keep at home!

Tbra. Let's go!

Thais. Girls, follow me!

[Exit, attended by Servants and Thraaso.

SCENE III.

CHREMES *alone.*

In truth, the more and more I think, the more
I am convinc'd that Thais means me ill:
So plain I see her arts to draw me in.

Ev'n

* *Take care now, Pythias, &c.* An artful preparation for the ensuing difference between her and Thraaso. DONATUS.

Ev'n when she first invited me, (and when
 Had any asked, *What business have you there?*
 The question would have stagger'd me) she fram'd
 Sev'ral excuses to detain me there.
 Said she had * made a sacrifice, and had
 Affairs of consequence to settle with me.
 —Oho! thought I immediately, I smell
 A trick upon me!—down she sat, behav'd
 Familiarly, and tried to beat about
 For conversation. Being at a loss,
 She ask'd, how long my parents had been dead?
 —I told her, long time since:—on which she ask'd,
 Whether I had a country-house at Sunium?
 —And how far from the sea?—I half believe
 She likes my villa, and would wheedle me
 To give it her.—Her final questions were,
 If I ne'er lost a little sister thence? [lost?
 —Who was miss'd with her?—what she had, when
 If any one could know her?—why should Thais
 Demand all this, unless,—a saucy baggage!—
 She means to play the counterfeit, and feign
 Herself that sister?—but if She's alive,
 She is about sixteen, not more: and Thais
 Is elder than myself.—She sent beside
 To beg I'd come again.—Or, let her say
 What she would have; or, not be troublesome!
 I'll not return a third time.—Ho! who's there?
 Here am I! Chremes!

* *Made a sacrifice.*] The Antients used to offer a
 sacrifice, before they entered on any affair of impor-
 tance. COOKE.

SCENE IV.

Enter PYTHIAS.

Pyth. Oh sweet, charming, Sir!

Cbre. A coaxing hussy!

Pyth. Thais begs and prays
You'd come again to-morrow.Cbre. I am going
Into the country.

Pyth. Nay, now, prithee come!

Cbre. I can't, I tell you.

Pyth. Walk in then, and stay
Till she returns herself.

Cbre. Not I.

Pyth. And why,
Dear Chremes?

Cbre. Go, and hang yourself!

Pyth. Well, Sir,
Since you're so positive, shall I intreat you
To go to her?

Cbre. I will.

Pyth. Here Dorias! [*a maid-servant enters*,
Conduct this gentleman to Captain Thrafo's.[Pythias *re-enters*. — Chremes goes out
another way with Dorias.]

SCENE V.

ANTIPHO *alone*.But yesterday a knot of us young fellows
Assembled at Piræus, and agreed
To club together for a feast to-day.

Chærea

Chærea had charge of all; the * rings were given,
 And time, and place appointed.—The time's past;
 No entertainment's at the place; and Chærea
 Is no where to be found.—I can't tell what
 To think on't. Yet the rest of my companions
 Have all commission'd me to seek him out.
 I'll see if he's at home;—but who comes here
 From 'Thais?—Is it He, or no?—'Tis He.—
 —What manner of man's here?—what habit's that?
 —What mischief has the rogue been at? I'm all
 Astonishment, and cannot guess.—But I'll
 Withdraw awhile, and try to find it out. [*retires.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter CHÆREA, in the Eunuch's habit.

Chær. [*looking about*] Is any body here?—No,
 nobody.

Does any follow me?—No, nobody.

May I then let my extacy break forth?

† O Jupiter! 'tis now the very time,

When I could suffer to be put to death,

Left not another transport like to this,

Remain in life to come.—But is there not

Some

* *Rings were given.*] It was usual to deposit their
 rings, as pledges of observing their appointment.

† *Ob, Jupiter! 'tis now the very time.*] *Prob
 Jupiter! Nunc est profecto, cum interfici perpeti me
 possum, Ne hoc gaudium contaminet vita ægritudine
 aliquâ.* The passage from Othello, cited in a note on
 the last act of the Andrian, contains exactly the same
 sentiment, and almost in the same words with this of
 Terence.

Some curious impertinent to come
 Across me now, and murder me with questions?
 —To ask, why I'm so flutter'd? why so joyful?
 Whither I'm going? whence I came? and where
 I got this habit? what I'm looking after?
 Whether I'm in my senses? or stark mad?

Anti. I'll go myself, and do that kindness to him.
Chærea, [*advancing*] what's all this flutter? what's
 this dress?

What is't transports you? what d'ye want? art mad?
 Why do you stare at me? and why not speak?

Chær. O happy, happy day!—Save you, dear
 friend!

There's not a man on earth I'd rather see
 This moment than yourself.

Anti. Come, tell me all!

Chær. Tell you! I will beseech you give me
 D'ye know my brother's mistress here? [*hearing.*

Anti. Yes: Thais,
 Or I'm deceiv'd.

Chær. The same.

Anti. I do remember.

Chær. To-day a girl was sent a present to her.
 Why need I speak or praise her beauty now
 To you, that know me, and my taste so well?
 She set me all on fire.

Anti. Is she so handsome?

Chær. Most exquisite: Oh, had you but once
 seen her,
 You would pronounce her, I am confident,
 The first of woman-kind.—But to be brief,
 I fell in love with her.—By great good luck

There

'There was at home an Eunuch, which my brother
Had bought for Thais, but not yet sent thither.

—I had a gentle hint from Parmeno,
Which I seiz'd greedily.

Anti. And what was that?

Chær. Peace, and I'll tell you.—To change
dresses with him,
And order Parmeno to carry me
Instead of him.

Anti. How? for an Eunuch, You?

Chær. E'en so.

Anti. What good could you derive from that?

Chær. What good!—why, see, and hear, and
be with her

I languish'd for, my Antipho!—was that
An idle reason, or a'trivial good?

—To Thais I'm deliver'd; she receives me,
And carries me with joy into her house;
Commits the charming girl—

Anti. To whom?—to You?

Chær. To Me.

Anti. In special hands, I must confefs.

Chær. —Injoins me, to permit no man come
near her;

Nor to depart, myself, one instant from her;

* But in an inner chamber to remain

Alone

* *But in an inner chamber, &c.]* In Greece the
women always occupied the interior apartments, where
nobody was permitted to come to them, but relations,
and the slaves that waited upon them. DACIER.

Alone with her alone. I nod, and look
 Bashfully on the ground.

Anti. Poor simple soul!

Char. I am bid forth, says she; and carries off
 All her maid-servants with her, save some few
 Raw novices, who straight prepar'd the bath.
 I bade them haste; and while it was preparing,
 In a retiring-room the Virgin sat?

* Viewing a picture, where the tale was drawn
 Of Jove's descending in a golden show'r
 To Danae's bosom.—I beheld it too,
 And because He of old the like game play'd,
 I felt my mind exult the more within me,
 That Jove should change himself into man,
 And steal in secret thro' a stranger-roof,
 With a mere woman to intrigue.—Great Jove,
 † Who shakes the highest heav'ns with his thunder!
 And I, poor mortal man, not do the same!—
 I did it, and with all my heart I did it.
 —While thoughts, like these, possess my soul,
 they call'd
 The girl to bathe. She goes, bathes, then returns:
 Which

* *Viewing a picture, where the Tale, &c.]* A very proper piece of furniture for the house of a courtesan, giving an example of loose and mercenary love; calculated to excite wanton thoughts, and at the same time hinting to the young lover that he must make his way to the bosom of his mistress, like Jupiter to Danae, in a shower of gold. Oh the avarice of harlots!

DONATUS.

† *Who shakes the highest heavens with his thunder.]*
Qui templa cæli summa sonitu concutit. A parody on a passage in Ennius. DONATUS.

Which done the servants put her into bed.
 I stand to wait their orders. Up comes one,
 Here, harkye, Dorus! take this fan, and mark
 You cool her gently thus, while we go bathe.
 When we have bath'd, You, if you please, bathe
 I, with a sober air, receive the fan. [too.

Anti. Then would I fain have seen your simple
 I should have been delighted to behold [face!
 How like an ass you look'd and held the fan.

Chær. Scarce had she spoke, when all rush'd
 out o'doors;

Away they go to bathe; grow full of noise,
 As servants use, when masters are abroad.
 Meanwhile sleep seiz'd the virgin: I, by stealth,
 Peep'd thro' the fan-sticks thus; then looking round,
 And seeing all was safe, made fast the door.

Anti. What then?

Chær. What then, fool!

Anti. I confess.

Chær. D'ye think,

Bless with * an opportunity like this,
 So short, so wish'd for, yet so unexpected,

H 4

I'd

* *An opportunity like this, so short.*] Short indeed, considering the number of incidents, which, according to Chærea's relation, are crowded into it. All the time, allowed for this adventure, is the short space between the departure of Thais with Thraso and the entrance of Chærea; so that all this variety of business of sleeping, bathing, ravishing, &c. is dispatched during the two soliloquies of Antipho and Chremes, and the short scene between Chremes and Pythias. The truth is, that a very strict and religious adherence to the Unities, often drives the Poet into as great absurdities as the profest violation of them.

I'd let it slip? No. Then I'd been, indeed;
The thing I counterfeited.

Anti. Very true.

But what's become of our club-supper?

Chær. Ready. [house?

Anti. An honest fellow! where? at your own

Chær. At Freeman Discus's.

Anti. A great way off.

Chær. Then we must make more haste.

Anti. But change your dress.

Chær. Where can I change it? I'm distressed.

From home

I must play truant, lest I meet my brother.

* My father too, perhaps, is come to town.

Anti. Come then to my house! that's the
Where you may shift. [nearest place

Chær. With all my heart: let's go!

And at the same time, I'll consult with you

How to enjoy this dear girl.

Anti. † Be it so,

A C T

* *My father too perhaps is come to Town.*] Preparation for the arrival of the father. DONATUS.

† Instead of this scene, Fontaine in his *Eunuch*, has substituted one between Chærea and Pamphila, whom he brings on the stage, as Baron does Glycerium in the *Andrian*. Chærea professes honourable love, leaves her in the house of Thais, and applies to his father, by whose consent he at last obtains her in marriage. Fontaine was most probably right in his conjecture, that the Plot of the *Eunuch*, exactly as it lies in Terence, was not conformable to the severity of the French, or, perhaps the English stage. It would certainly therefore have been advisable, in order adapt it for

ACT IV. SCENE I.

* *Enter DORIAS, with a Casket.*

D O R I A S.

NOW, as I hope for mercy, I'm afraid,
From what I've seen, lest yonder swaggerer
Make some disturbance, or do violence
To Thais. For, as soon as Chremes came,

The

for representation before a modern audience, to change some circumstances, and the introduction of Pamphila might perhaps have been hazarded not without success: But by departing so essentially, as Fontaine has done, from Menander and Terence, the very foundations of the fable are undermined, and it loses most part of that vivacity and interest so remarkable in the Play before us.

* *Enter Dorias.*] 'Tis true, the Antients have kept the continuity of scenes somewhat better than the Moderns. Two do not perpetually come in together, talk, and go out together; and other two succeed them, and do the same throughout the act, which the English call by the name of single scenes; but the reason is, because they have seldom above two or three scenes, properly so called, in every act; for it is to be accounted a new scene, not only every time the stage is empty, but every person who enters, though to others, makes it so; because he introduces a new business. Now the plots of their plays being narrow, and the persons few, one of their acts was written in a less compass than one of our well-wrought scenes; and yet they are often deficient even in this. To go no farther than Terence, you find, in the Eunuch, Anti-

(The youth that's brother to the virgin) she
 Beseech'd of Thraso, he might be admitted.
 This piqu'd him ; yet he durst not well refuse.
 She, fearing Chremes should not be detain'd,
 Till she had time and opportunity
 To tell him all she wish'd about his sister,
 Urg'd Thraso more and more to ask him in.
 The Captain coldly asks him ; down he sat ;
 And Thais enter'd into chat with him.
 The Captain, fancying a rival brought
 Before his face, resolv'd to vex Her too :
 Here, boy, said he, let Pamphila be call'd
 To entertain us !—Pamphila ! cries Thais ;

She

pho entering single in the midst of the third Act, after Chremes and Pythias were gone off: In the same play you have likewise Dorias beginning the fourth act alone ; and after she has made a relation of what was done at the Soldier's entertainment, (which by the way was very inartificial, because she was presumed to speak directly to the audience ; and to acquaint them with what was necessary to be known, but yet should have been so contrived by the Poet, as to have been told by persons of the Drama to one another, and so by them to have come to the knowledge of the people) she quits the stage, and Phædria enters next, alone likewise: He also gives you an account of himself, and of his returning from the country in monologue, to which unnatural way of narration Terence is subject in all his plays. In his *Adelphi*, or *Brothers*, Syrus and Demea enter, after the scene is broken by the departure of Sostrata, Geta, and Canthara ; and indeed you can scarce look into any of his comedies, where you will not presently discover the same interruption.

DRYDEN'S *Essay of Dramatick Poesie*.

She at a banquet!—No, it must not be.—
 Thraso insisting on't, a broil ensued:
 On which my Mistress slyly * slipping off,
 Her jewels, gave them me to bear away;
 Which is, I know, a certain sign, she will,
 As soon as possible, sneak off herself. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter PHÆDRIA. †

Phæd. Going into the country, I began
 (As happens when the mind is ill at ease)
 To ponder with myself upon the road,
 Tossing from thought to thought, and viewing all
 In the worst light. While thus I ruminate,
 I pass'd unconsciously my country-house,
 And had got far beyond ere I perceiv'd it.
 I turn'd about, but with a heavy heart;
 And soon as to the very spot I came
 Where the roads part, I stopt. Then paus'd awhile:
 Alas! thought I, and must I here remain [then?
 Two days? alone? without her?—Well! what
 That's nothing—What, is't nothing?—If I've not
 The privilege to touch her, shall I not
 Behold her neither?—If *one* may not be,

At

* *Slipping off her jewels.*] Because courtezans were not allowed to wear gold or jewels in the street. DACIER.

† *Enter Phædria.*] Here the Poet artfully finds a reason to bring Phædria back again; as he at first with equal art sent him out of the way, to give probability to those incidents, necessary to happen in his absence.
 DONATUS.

At least the *other* shall.—And certainly

† Love, in it's last degree, is something still.

—Then I, on purpose, past the house.—But see!
Pythias breaks forth affrighted.—What means this?

S C E N E III.

Enter PYTHIAS and DORIAS; PHÆDRIA
at a Distance.

Pyth. Where shall I find, unhappy that I am,
Where seek this rascal-slave?—this slave, that durst
To do a deed like this?—Undone! undone!

Pbæd. What this may be, I dread.

Pyth. And then the villain,
After he had abus'd the virgin, tore [hair.
The poor girl's cloaths, and dragg'd her by the

Pbæd. How's this?

Pyth. Who, were he now within my reach,
How could I fly upon the vagabond,
And tear the villain's eyes out with my nails!

Pbæd. What's tumult's this, arisen in my absence?
I'll go and ask her.—[*going up.*]—What's the mat-
ter Pythias?

Why thus disturb'd? and whom is it you seek?

Pyth. Whom do I seek? Away, Sir Phædria?
You and your gifts together!

Pbæd. What's the matter?

Pyth. The matter, Sir! The Eunuch, that you
sent us,

Has

† Love, in it's last degree, &c.] *Extremâ lineâ a-
mare, haud nihil est.* Supposed to be a metaphor ta-
ken from the lines drawn in the chariot-races.

Has made work here! the young Virgin, whom
The Captain gave my mistress, he has ravish'd.

Phæd. Ravish'd? How say you?

Pyth. Ruin'd, and undone!

Phæd. You're drunk.

Pyth. Would those, who wish me ill, were so!

Dori. Ah, Pythias! what strange prodigy is this?

Phæd. You're mad: how could an Eunuch—

Pyth. I don't know

Or who, or what he was.—What he has done,
The thing itself declares.—The Virgin weeps,
Nor, when you ask what ails her, dare she tell.
But he, good man, is no where to be found:
And I fear too, that when he stole away,
He carried something off.

Phæd. I can't conceive

Whither the rascal can have flown, unless
He to our house, perhaps, slunk back again.

Pyth. See now, I pray you, if he has.

Phæd. I will. *[Exit.* *[heard.*

Dori. Good lack! so strange a thing I never

Pyth. I've heard that they lov'd women mightily,
But could do nothing; yet I never thought on't:
For if I had, I'd have confin'd him close
In some bye place, nor trusted the girl to him.

S C E N E IV.

*Re-enter PHÆDRIA, with DORUS the
Eunuch, in Chærea's cloaths.*

Phæd. Out, rascal, out!—What are you resty,
Out, thou vile bargain!

[sirrah?

Dor.

Dor. Dear sir! [crying.

Phæd. See the wretch! [meaning
What a wry mouth he makes!—Come, what's the
Of your returning? and your change of dress?
What answer, sirrah?—If I had delay'd
A minute longer, Pythias, I had mis'd him,
He was equipp'd so bravely for his flight.

Pyth. What, have you got the rogue?

Phæd. I warrant you.

Pyth. Well done! well done!

Dor. Ay, marry, very well.

Pyth. Where is he?

Phæd. Don't you see him?

Pyth. See him? whom?

Phæd. This fellow, to be sure.

Pyth. This man! who is he?

Phæd. He that was carried to your house to-day.

Pyth. None of our people ever laid their eyes
Upon this fellow, Phædria!

Phæd. Never saw him? [brought

Pyth. Why, did you think this fellow had been
To us?

Phæd. Yes, surely; for I had no other.

Pyth. O dear! this fellow's not to be compar'd,
To t'other.—He was elegant, and handsome.

Phæd. Ay, so he might appear awhile ago,
Because he had gay cloaths on: now he seems
Ugly, because he's stript.

Pyth. Nay, prithee, peace!

As if the diff'rence was so very small!—

The youth conducted to our house to-day,

'Twould do you good to cast your eyes on, Phædria!

This

This is a drousy, wither'd, * weazel-fac'd,
Old fellow.

Phæd. How?—you drive me to that pass,
That I scarce know what I have done myself.
— Did not I buy you, rascal? [*to Dorus.*

Dor. Yes, sir.

Pyth. Order him,
To answer me.

Phæd. Well, question him.

Pyth. to Dorus.] Were You
Brought here to-day? [*shakes his head.*] See there:
Not He. It was

Another, a young lad, about sixteen,
Whom Parmeno brought with him.

Phæd. to Dorus.] Speak to me! [*dumb?*
First tell me, whence had you that coat? What,
I'll make you speak, you villain! [*beating him.*

Dor. Chærea came— [*crying.*

Phæd. My brother?

Dor. Yes, sir!

Phæd. When?

Dor.

* *Weazel-fac'd old fellow.*] Menander's words, as preserved by Donatus, are these, *αῖλος ἐστὶ Γαλεωτὴς γερων*, which he charges Terence with having misunderstood. *Γαλήνη*, he says is a Weazel, and *Γαλεωτὴς* a Lizard. But Terence is very likely to have made Pythias express her dislike of the Eunuch, by comparing him to a Weazel, whose skin has much of the tawney in it. As to the passage from Menander, there is nothing of the colour of the animal expressed in it. A Lizard being a thin animal, Menander probably intended a similitude in the lankness. *Γαλεωτὴς γερων* may therefore be construed a thin, half-starv'd fellow.
COOKE.

Dor. To-day.

Pbæd. How long since?

Dor. Just now.

Pbæd. With whom?

Dor. With Parmeno.

Pbæd. Did you,

Know him before?

Dor. No, Sir; nor e'er heard of him.

Pbæd. How did you know then that he was my

Dor. Parmeno told me; and Chærea [brother?
Gave me these cloaths—

Pbæd. Confusion! *[aside.*

Dor. Put on mine;

And then they both went out o'doors together.

Pyth. Now, sir, do you believe that I am sober?
Now do you think, I've told no lie? And now
Are you convinc'd the Girl has been abus'd! *[says?*

Pbæd. Away, fool! d'ye believe what this wretch

Pyth. What signifies belief?—It speaks itself.

Pbæd. apart to Dorus.] Come this way—hark
ye!—further still.—Enough.

Tell me once more.—Did Chærea strip you?

Dor. Yes.

Pbæd. And put your cloaths on?

Dor. Yes, sir!

Pbæd. And was brought
In your stead hither?

Dor. Yes.

Pbæd. Great Jupiter!

[pretending to be in a passion with him.

What a most wicked scoundrel's this?

Pyth.

Pyth. Alas!

Don't you believe, then, we've been vilely us'd?

Pbæd. No wonder if you credit what he says?

I don't know what to do. [*aside.*]—Here, harkye, firrah!

Deny it all again. [*apart to Dorus.*]—What! can't I beat

The truth out of you, rascal?—have you seen

My brother Chærea? [*aloud and beating him.*

Dor. No, sir! [*crying.*

Pbæd. So! I see [*apart.*] Now

He won't confess without a beating.—This way!

He owns it; now denies it.—Ask my pardon! [*apart.*

Dor. Beseech you, sir, forgive me!

Pbæd. Get you gone, [*kicking him.*

Dor. Oh me! oh dear! [*Exit bowling.*

Pbæd. aside. I had no other way

To come off handsomely.—We're all undone.

—D'ye think to play your tricks on me you rascal?

[*Aloud, and Exit after Dorus.*

S C E N E V.

Manent PYTHIAS and DORIAS.

Pyth. As sure as I'm alive, this is a trick
Of Parmeno's.

Dori. No doubt on't.

Pyth. * I'll devise

Some means to-day to fit him for't.—But now,

What

* *I'll devise some means to-day, &c.*] The revenge
of Pythias on Parmeno is very artfully made productive
of the catastrophe. DONATUS.

What would you have me do?

Dori. About the Girl?

Pyth. Ay; shall I tell? or keep the matter secret?

Dori. Troth, if you're wise, you know not
what you know,

Nor of the Eunuch, nor the ravishment:

So shall you clear yourself of all this trouble,

And do a kindness to our mistress too.

Say nothing, but that Dorus is gone off.

Pyth. I'll do so.

Dori. Prithee is not Chremes yonder?

Thais will soon be here.

Pyth. How so?

Dori. Because

When I came thence, a quarrel was abroad

Amongst them.

Pyth. Carry in the jewels, Dorias!

Meanwhile I'll learn of Chremes what has hap-
pen'd. [Exit Dorias.]

S C E N E VI.

Enter CHREMES tipsey.

Chrem. So! so!—I'm in for't—and the wine
I've drank

Has made me reel again.—Yet while I sat,

How sober I suppos'd myself!—But I

No sooner rose, than neither foot, nor head,

Knew their own business!

Pyth. Chremes!

Chrem. Who's that?—Ha!

Pythias!

Pythias!—How much more handsome you seem
Than you appear'd a little while ago! [now,

Pyth. I'm sure you seem a good deal merrier.

Cbrem. I'faith it's an old saying, and a true one,

* “Ceres and Bacchus are warm friends of Venus.”

—But, pray, has Thais been here long before me?

Pyth. Has she yet left the Captain's?

Cbrem. Long time since:

An age ago. They've had a bloody quarrel.

Pyth. Did not she bid you follow her?

Cbrem. Not she:

Only she made a sign to me at parting.

Pyth. Well, wasn't that enough?

Cbrem. No, faith! I did not

At all conceive her meaning, till the Captain
Gave me the hint, and kick'd me out o'doors.

—But here she is! I wonder how it was,
I overtook her!

S C E N E VII.

Enter THAIS.

Thais. I am apt to think,

The Captain will soon follow me to take

The Virgin from me: Well then, let him come!

But if he does but lay a finger on her,

We'll tear his eyes out.—His impertinence,

And big words, while *mere* words, I can endure;

But if he comes to action, woe be to him!

Cbrem. Thais, I have been here some time.

Thais.

* *Ceres and Bacchus are warm friends of Venus.]*
Sine Cerere & Libero friget Venus. A proverb, signifying that love is cold without good eating and drinking.

Thais. My Chremes!
 The very man I wanted!—Do you know
 That you have been th' occasion of this quarrel?
 And that this whole affair relates to you?

Cbrem. To me! how so?

Thais. Because, while I endeavour,
 And study to restore your sister to you,
 This and much more I've suffer'd.

Cbrem. Where's my Sister?

Thais. Within, at my house.

Cbrem. Ha! [with concern.

Thais. Be not alarm'd:
 She has been well brought up, and in a manner
 Worthy herself and you.

Cbrem. Indeed?

Thais. 'Tis true:
 And now most freely I restore her to you,
 Demanding nothing of you in return.

Cbrem. I feel your goodness, *Thais*, and shall ever
 Remain much bounden to you.

Thais. Ay, but now
 Take heed, my Chremes, lest ere you receive
 The maid from me, you lose her! for 'tis She,
 Whom now the Captain comes to take by storm.
 —Pythias, go fetch the casket with the proofs!

Cbrem. D'ye see him, *Thais*? [looking out.

Pyth. Where's the casket plac'd?

Thais. Plac'd in the cabinet — D'ye loiter,
 huffey? [Ex. *Pyth.*

Cbrem. What force the Captain brings with him
 against you!

Good heav'n!

Thais.

Thais. Are you afraid, young gentleman?

Cbrem. Away?—who? I? afraid?—There is
Alive less so. [no man

Thais. You'd need be stout at present.

Cbrem. What kind of man d'ye take me for?

Thais. Consider,

He, whom you've now to cope with, is a stranger,
Less powerful than you, less known, and less
Befriended here than you!

Cbrem. I know all that:

But why, like fools, admit, what we may shun?

Better prevent a wrong, than afterwards

Revenge it, when receiv'd.—Do you step in,

And bolt the door, while I run to the Forum,

And call some officers to our assistance. [going.

Thais. Stay! [holding him.

Cbrem. 'Twill be better.

Thais. Hold!

Cbrem. Nay, let me go!

I'll soon be back.

Thais. We do not want them, Chremes.

Say, only, that this Maiden is your sister,

And that you lost her when a child, and now

Know her again for your's.

Enter PYTHIAS.

Thais to Pytb.] Produce the Proofs!

Pytb. Here they are.

Thais. Take them, Chremes!—If the Captain
Attempts to do you any violence,

Lead him before a magistrate. D'ye mark me?

Cbrem.

Chrem. I do.

Tbais. Be sure now speak with a good courage!

Chrem. I will.

Tbais. Come, gather up your cloak.—Undone!
I've got a champion, who wants help himself.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Enter THRASO, GNATHO, SANGA, &c.

Thraso. Shall I put up with an affront so gross,
So monstrous, Gnatho?—No, I'd rather die.

Simalio, Donax, Syrus, follow me!

First, I will storm their castle.

Gnat. Excellent!

Tbra. Next carry off the Virgin.

Gnat. Admirable!

Tbra. Then punish Thais herself.

Gnat. Incomparable!

Tbra. Here, in the centre, Donax, with your
club!

Do you, Simalio, charge on the left wing!

You, Syrus, on the right!—Bring up the rest!

Where's the Centurion Sanga, and his band

Of rascal runaways?

San. Here, sir!

Tbra. How now?

Think'st thou to combat with a dishclout, slave!

That thus thou bring'st it here?

San. Ah, sir! I knew

The valour of the gen'ral, and his troops;

And seeing this affair must end in blood,

I brought

I brought a clout, to wipe the wounds withall.

Tbra. Where are the rest?

San. Rest! Plague, whom d'ye mean?

There's nobody, but Sannio, left at home.

Tbra. Lead you the van; [*to Gnatbo.*] And

I'll bring up the rear;

Thence give the word to all.

Gnat. What wisdom is!

Now he has drawn up these in rank and file,

His post behind secures him a retreat.

Tbra. Just so his line of battle Pyrrhus form'd.

Chremes and Thais appear above at a window.

Chrem. D'ye see, my Thais, what he is about?

To bar and bolt the doors was good advice.

Thais. Tut, man! yon fool, that seems so
mighty brave,

Is a mere coward. Do not be afraid!

Tbra. What were best? [*to Gnatho.*]

Gnat. Troth, I wish you had a sling:

That you from far in ambush might attack them!

They'd soon fly then, I warrant you.

Tbra. But see!

Thais appears.

Gnat. Let's charge them then! Come on!

Tbra. Halt!—'Tis the part of a wise general

To try all methods, ere he come to arms.

How do you know, but Thais may obey

My orders without force?

Gnat. Oh, gracious heavens!

Of

Of what advantage is it to be wise!
I ne'er approach but I go wiser from you.

Tbra. Thais, first answer this! Did you, or no,
When I presented you the Virgin, promise,
To give yourself some days to me alone?

Thais. What then?

Tbra. Is that a question, when you durst
To bring a rival to my face?—

Thais. And what
Business have you with him?

Tbra. ———And then stole off
In company with him?

Thais. It was my pleasure.

Tbra. Therefore, restore me Pamphila; unless
You chuse to see her carried off by force.

Cbrem. She restore Pamphila to you? Or You
Attempt to touch her, rascal?

Gnat. Ah, beware!
Peace, peace, young gentleman!

Tbra. to Cbremes.] What is't you mean?
Shall I not touch my own?

Cbrem. Your own, you scoundrel?

Gnat. Take heed! you know not whom you rail
at thus.

Cbrem. Won't you be gone?—here, hark ye,
sir!—d'ye know
How matters stand with you?—if you attempt
To raise a riot in this place to-day,
I'll answer for it that you shall remember
This place, to-day, and me, your whole life long.
Gnat.

Gnat. I pity you : to make so great a man
Your enemy ?

Cbrem. Hence ! or I'll break your head.

Gnat. How's that, you hang-dog ? Are you for
that sport ?

Tbra. Who are You, fellow ? — what d'ye
mean ? — and what

Have you to do with Pamphila ?

Cbrem. I'll tell you.

First, I declare that she's a free-born woman !

Tbra. How ?

Cbrem. And a citizen of Athens.

Tbra. Hui !

Cbrem. My sister.

Tbra. Impudence !

Cbrem. So, Captain, now

I give you warning, offer her no force !

—Thais, I'll now to Sophrona, the Nurse,

And bring her here with me to see the proofs.

Tbra. And you prohibit me to touch my own ?

Cbrem. Yes, I prohibit you.

Gnat. D'ye hear he owns

The robbery himself. Isn't that sufficient ?

Tbra. And, Thais, you maintain the same ?

Thais. Ask those,

Who care to answer. [*Sbuts down the window.*]

Manent THRASO, and GNATHO, &c.

Tbra. What shall we do now ?

Gnat. Why—e'en go back again ! — This harlot
here

VOL. I.

I

Will

Will soon be with you to request forgiveness.

Thra. D'ye think so?

Gnat. Ay, most certainly. I know

The ways of women.—When you will, they won't.
And when you won't, they're dying for you.

Thra. True.

Gnat. Shall I disband the army?

Thra. When you will.

Gnat. * Sanga, as well becomes a brave militia,
Take to your houses and fire-sides again.

San. My mind was like a sop i'th' pan, long since.

Gnat. Good fellow!

San. To the right about there! march!

*[Exit with Gnatho and Thraso at the head
of the troops.]*

* *Sanga as well becomes, &c.* Beaumont and Fletcher seem to have had their thoughts on this scene in their draught of the Mob-Regiment in *Philaster*. The old Captain disembodies his Militia much in the same manner with Gnatho.—“Fall off again, my sweet
“Youths; come, and every man trace to his house
“again, and hang his pewter up.”

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

THAIS and PYTHIAS.

THAIS.

STILL, still, you baggage, will you shuffle
with me? [heard—

—“I know—I don’t know—he’s gone off—I’ve

“I was not present.”—Be it what it may,

Can’t you inform me openly?—The Virgin,

Her cloaths all torn, in sullen silence weeps.

The Eunuch’s fled.—What means all this? and what

Has happen’d?—Won’t you answer me?

Pyth. Alas!

What can I answer you?—He was, they say,

No Eunuch.

Thais. What then?

Pyth. Chærea.

Thais. Chærea!

What Chærea?

Pyth. Phædria’s younger brother.

Thais. How!

What’s that, hag?

Pyth. I’ve discover’d it: I’m sure on’t.

Thais. Why, what had he to do with us? or why
Was he brought hither?

Pyth. That I cannot tell;

Unless, as I suppose, for love of Pamphila.

Thais. Alas! I am undone; undone, indeed,
If that, which you have told me now, be true.

Is’t that the Girl bemoans thus?

Pyth. I believe so.

Thais.

Thais. How, careless wretch! was that the charge I gave you

At my departure?

Pyth. What could I do? She Was trusted, as you bade, to him alone. [sheep.

Thais. Oh, jade, you set the wolf, to keep the —I'm quite ashamed to 've been so poorly bubbled.

Pyth. Who comes here?—Hush!—peace, madam, I beseech you!

We're safe: we have the very man.

[*Seeing Chærea at a distance.*

Thais. Where is he?

Pyth. Here on the left; d'ye see him, ma'am?

Thais. I see him.

Pyth. Let him be seiz'd immediately!

Thais. And what

Can we do to him, fool?

Pyth. Do to him, say you?

—See, what a saucy face the rogue has got!

Ha'nt he?—and then how settled an assurance!

SCENE II.

Enter CHÆREA.

Chær. * At Antipho's, as if for spite, there were His father and his mother both at home,

So

* *At Antipho's, &c.* Chærea assigns very natural reasons for not having changed his dress: and here it is worth while to observe the art of Terence, since the sequel of the fable made it absolutely necessary that Chærea should appear again before Thais in the habit which he wore while in the house. DACIER.

So that I could by no means enter, but
 They must have seen me. Meanwhile, as I stood
 Before the door, came by an old acquaintance,
 At sight of whom, I flew, with all my speed,
 Into a narrow unfrequented alley;
 And thence into another, and another,
 Frighten'd and flurried as I scampered on,
 Lest any one should know me.—But is that
 Thais? 'Tis she herself. I'm all aground.
 What shall I do?—Pshaw! what have I to care?
 What can she do to me?

Thais. Let's up to him.

Oh, Dorus! Good sir, welcome!—And so, sirrah,
 You ran away

Cher. Yes, madam!

Thais. And you think

It was a clever trick?

Cher. No, madam!

Thais. Can you

Believe, that you shall go unpunish'd for it?

Cher. Forgive me this one fault! If I commit
 Another, kill me!

Thais. Do you dread my cruelty?

Cher. No, ma'am!

Thais. What then?

Cher. I was afraid, lest She
 Accuse me to you. [pointing to Pythias.

Thais. Upon what account?

Cher. A little matter.

Pyth. Rogue! a little matter?
 Is it so little, think you, to abuse
 A virgin, and a citizen?

Chær. I thought
She was my fellow-servant.

Pyth. Fellow-servant!
I can scarce hold, from flying at his hair.
Monstrous! he's come to make his sport of us.

Tbais. Away! you rave.

Pyth. Why so? if I had don't,
I should have still been in the monster's debt;
Particularly, as he owns himself
Your servant.

Tbais. Well—no more of this.—Oh, Chærea,
You've done a deed unworthy of yourself:
For granting, I perhaps, might well deserve
This injury, it was not honourable
In you to do it.—As I live, I know not
What counsel to pursue about this girl;
You've so destroy'd my measures, that I can't
Restore her, without blushing, to her friends,
Nor so deliver her, as I propos'd,
To make them thank me for my kindness, Chærea.

Chær. Henceforth, I hope, eternal peace shall be
Betwixt us, Thais! Oft from things like these,
And bad beginnings, warmest friendships rise.
What if some God hath order'd this?

Tbais. Indeed,
I'll so interpret it, and wish it so.

Chær. I prithee do!—and be assur'd of this,
That nought I did in scorn, but all in love.

Tbais. I do believe it; and, on that account,
More readily forgive you: for oh, Chærea,
I am not form'd of an ungentle nature,
Nor am I now to learn the pow'r of love.

Chær.

Chær. Now, Thais, by my life, I love Thee too.

Pyth. Then, by my troth, you must take care of him.

Chær. I durst not—

Pyth. I don't mind a word you say.

Thais. Have done!

Chær. But now, in this one circumstance,
Let me beseech you to assist me! I

Commit myself intirely to your care:

Invoke you, as my patroness; implore you.

Perdition seize me, but I'll marry her!

Thais. But if your father——

Chær. What of Him? I know
He'll soon consent, provided it appears
That she's a citizen.

Thais. If you will wait
A little while, her brother will be here:
He's gone to fetch the nurse that brought her up;
And You shall witness the discovery.

Chær. I will remain then.

Thais. But, in the mean time,
Had you not rather wait within, than here
Before the door?

Chær. Much rather.

Pyth. What the Plague
Are you about?

Thais. What now?

Pyth. What now, indeed?
Will you let Him within your doors again?

Thais. Why not?

Pyth. Remember that I prophecy,

He'll make some fresh disturbance.

Thais. Prithee, peace!

Pyth. It seems, you have not had sufficient proof
Of his assurance.

Chær. I'll do no harm, Pythias!

Pyth. I'll not believe it, Chærea, till I see it.

Chær. But you shall keep me, Pythias!

Pyth. No, not I.

For, by my troth, I would trust nothing with you,
Neither to keep, nor be kept by you.—Hence!
Away!

Thais. Oh brave! the brother's here.

[*looking out.*]

Chær. Confusion!

Let's in, dear Thais! I'd not have him see me
Here in this dress.

Thais. Why so? Are you ashamed?

Chær. I am indeed.

Pyth. Indeed! ashamed! oh dear!

Think of the girl!

Thais. Go in! I'll follow you.

Pythias, do you stay here to bring in Chremes.

[*Exeunt Thais and Chærea.*]

SCENE III.

PYTHIAS, CHREMES, SOPHRONA.

Pyth. What can I think of? what can I devise?
Some trick now to be even with that rogue
Who palmed this young spark on us.

Chrem. leading the nurse.] Nay but stir

Your

Your stumps a little faster, nurse!

Soph. I come.

Cbrem. Ay, marry; but you don't come on a jot.

Pyth. Well! have you shewn the tokens to the nurse?

Cbrem. I have. [them?

Pyth. And pray what says she? Did she know

Cbrem. At first sight.

Pyth. Oh, brave news! I'm glad to hear it;

For I've a kindness for the Girl. Go in;

My mistress is impatient for your coming.

[*Exeunt Chrem. and Soph.*

See, yonder's my good master Parmeno,

Marching this way: How unconcern'd, forsooth,

He stalks along!—But I've devis'd, I hope,

The means to vex him sorely.—First I'll in,

To know the truth of this discovery,

And then return to terrify this rascal. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter PARMENO.

Par. I'm come to see what Chærea has been doing:

Who, if he has but manag'd matters well,

Good heav'ns, how much, and what sincere
applause

Shall Parmeno acquire!—For not to mention,

In an intrigue so difficult as this,

Of so much probable expence at least

Since with a griping harlot he'd have bargain'd,

That I've procur'd for him the girl he lov'd,

Without cost, charge, or trouble; t'other point,
 That, *that* I hold my master-piece, *there* think
 I've gain'd the prize, in shewing a young spark
 The dispositions and the ways of harlots;
 Which having early learnt, he'll ever shun.

[Enter Pythias *behind*.

When they're abroad, forsooth, there's none so
 clean,

Nothing so trim, so elegant, as they;
 Nor, when they sup with a gallant, so nice!
 To see these very creatures' gluttony,
 Filth, poverty, and meanness, when at home;
 So eager after food, that they devour
 From yesterday's stale broth the coarse black bread:
 All this to know is safety to young men.

SCENE V.

PYTHIAS, PARMENO.

Pyth. behind.] 'Faith, firrah, I'll be hand-
 somely reveng'd
 For all you've done and said. You shall not boast
 Your tricks on us without due punishment.

[*aloud, coming forward.*

Oh heav'ns! oh dreadful deed! oh hapless youth!
 Oh wicked Parmeno, that brought him here!

Par. What now?

Pyth. It mov'd me so, I could not bear
 To see it: therefore I flew out o'doors.
 What an example will they make of him!

Par. Oh Jupiter! what tumult can this be?

Am

Am I undone, or no?—I'll e'en enquire.

Pythias, [*going up.*] What now? what is't you
rave about?

Who's to be made this terrible example?

Pyth. Who? most audacious monster! while
you meant

To play your tricks on us, you have destroy'd
The youth, whom you brought hither for the
Eunuch.

Par. How so? and what has happen'd? Prithee
tell me [sent

Pyth. Tell you? D'ye know the virgin, that was
To-day to Thais, is a citizen?

Her brother too a man of the first rank?

Par. I did not know it!

Pyth. Ay, but so it seems.

The poor young spark abus'd the girl; a thing
No sooner known, than he, the furious brother—

Par. Did what?

Pyth. First bound him hand and foot—

Par. How! bound him! [to do it—

Pyth. And now, though Thais begg'd him not

Par. How! what!

Pyth. Moreover threatens, he will serve him
After the manner of adulterers?

A thing I ne'er saw done, and ne'er desire.

Par. How durst he offer at an act so monstrous?

Pyth. And why so monstrous?

Par. Is it not most monstrous?

Who ever saw a young man seiz'd and bound
For rapes and lewdness in a house of harlots?

Pyth.

Pyth. I don't know.

Par. Aye ; but you must all know this.
I tell you, and foretell you, that young spark
Is my old master's son.

Pyth. Indeed ! is he ?

Par. And let not Thais suffer any one
To do him violence !—But why don't I
Rush in myself ?

Pyth. Ah ! take care, Parmeno,
What you're about ; lest you do him no good,
And hurt yourself : for they imagine you,
Whatever has been done, the cause of all.

Par. What shall I do then, Wretch ? what
undertake ?

—Oh ! yonder's my old master, just return'd
To town. Shall I tell Him, or no ?—I'faith
I'll tell him, tho' I am well convinc'd, it will
Bring me into a scrape ; a heavy one : And yet
It must be done to help poor Chærea.

Pyth. Right.

I'll in again ; and you, in the mean while,
Tell the old gentleman the whole affair. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

* *Enter* LACHES.

Laches. I've this convenience from my neigh-
b'ring villa ;

I'm

* *Enter Laches.*] Here the Poet introduces Laches,
as he did Parmeno just before, in a state of perfect
tranquillity ; that the sudden turn of their state of
mind might be more entertaining to the spectators.

DONATUS.

I'm never tir'd of country, or of town.
For as disgust comes on, I change my place.
—But is not that our Parmeno? 'Tis he
For certain.—Whom d'ye wait for, Parmeno,
Before that door?

Par. Who's that? oh, sir! you're welcome:
I'm glad to see you safe return'd to town.

Laches. Whom do you wait for?

Par. I'm undone: my tongue
Cleaves to my mouth thro' fear.

Laches. Ha! what's the matter?
Why do you tremble so? Is all right? Speak!

Par. First, sir, I'd have you think, for so it is,
Whatever has befall'n, has not befall'n
Through any fault of mine.

Laches. What is't?

Par. That's true.
Your pardon, sir, I should have told that first.
—Phædria, sir, bought a certain Eunuch, as
A present to send her.

Laches. Her!—Her! whom?

Par. Thais.

Laches. Bought? I'm undone! at what price?

Par. Twenty Minæ.

Laches. I'm ruin'd.

Par. And then Chærea's fall'n in love
With a young musick-girl.

Laches. How! what! in love!
Knows He, already, what a harlot is?
Has he stol'n into town? More plagues on plagues.

Par.

Par. Nay, sir! don't look on me! it was not done

By my advice.

Laches. Leave prating of yourself.

As for you, rascal, if I live—But first

Whatever has befallen, tell me, quick!

Par. Chærea was carried thither for the Eunuch.

Laches. He for the Eunuch?

Par. Yes: since when, within

They've seiz'd and bound him for a ravisher.

Laches. Confusion

Par. See the impudence of harlots!

Laches. Is there aught else of evil or misfortune,
You have not told me yet?

Par. You know the whole.

Laches. Then why do I delay to rush in on
them? [*Exit.*]

Par. There is no doubt but I shall smart for this.
But since I was oblig'd to't, I rejoice
That I shall make these strumpets suffer too:
For our old gentleman has long desir'd
Some cause to punish them; and now he has it.

S C E N E VII.

Enter PYTHIAS, PARMENO *at a distance.*

Pyth. Well! I was ne'er more pleas'd in all
my life,

Than when I saw th' old man come blund'ring in.
I had the jest alone; for I alone
Knew what he was afraid of.

Par.

Par. Hey! what now?

Pyth. I'm now come forth t' encounter Parmeno.
Where is he?

Par. She seeks me.

Pyth. Oh, there he is.

I'll go up to him.

Par. Well, fool, what's the matter?

[*Pythias laughs.*
What wou'd you? what d'ye laugh at? Hey!
what still?

Pyth. Oh, I shall die: I'm horribly fatigu'd
With laughing at you. [*laughing heartily.*

Par. Why so? pray!

Pyth. Why so? [*laughing.*
I ne'er saw, ne'er shall see, a greater fool.
Oh, it's impossible to tell, * what sport

You've

* *What sport you've made within.*] There is a great error, in regard to the Unity of Time, in Terence's Eunuch, when Laches, the old Man, enters by mistake into the house of Thais, where betwixt his Exit and the Entrance of Pythias, who comes to give ample relation of the disorders he has rais'd within, Parmeno, who was left upon the stage, has not above five lines to speak. *C'est bien employer un temps si court.*

DRYDEN'S *Essay of Dramatick Poesie.*

Besides the absurdity here taken notice of by Dryden, in regard to time, there is also another inconvenience, in the present instance, arising from too strict an adherence to the Unity of Place. What a figure would this narration of Pythias have made, if thrown into action! The circumstances are in themselves as truly comick as those of any scene in this excellent play; and it would be well worth while to follow Laches into the house,

You've made within.—I swear, I always thought
That you had been a shrewd, sharp, cunning fellow:
What! to believe directly what I told you!
Or were you prick'd in conscience for the sin
The young man had committed thro' your means,
That you must after tell his father of him?
How d'ye suppose he felt, when old Grey-beard
Surpriz'd him in that habit?—What, you find
That you're undone. [*laughing heartily.*]

Par. What's this, Impertinence?
Was it a lie, you told me? D'ye laugh still?
Is't such a jest to make fools of us, hag?

Pyth. Delightful! [*laughing.*]

Par. If you don't pay dearly for it!—

Pyth. Perhaps so. [*laughing.*]

Par. I'll return it.

Pyth. Oh, no doubt on't. [*laughing.*]

But what you threaten, Parmeno, is distant:
You'll be trufs'd up to-day; who first draw in
A raw young lad to sin, and then betray him.
They'll both conspire to make you an example.

[*laughing.*]

Par. I'm done for.

Pyth. Take this, slave, as a reward

For

house, to be present at the ridiculous distress and confusion which his presence must occasion.

There is however, much more to be commended, and even imitated, than censured in the construction of this last act. All that passes between Pythias, Parmeno, and Laches, is truly admirable.

For the fine gift you sent us; so, farewell!

[Exit Pythias.]

Par. I've been a fool indeed; and like a rat,
Betray'd myself to-day by my own squeaking.

S C E N E VIII.

* *Enter* THRASO, GNATHO, [*Parmeno behind.*]

Gnat. What now? in what hope, or with
what design

Advance

* *Enter Thraso and Gnatbo.*] With the entrance of Laches into the house of Thais, and in consequence of it, his consent to the marriage of Chærea with Pamphila, the Fable of the Eunuch is certainly concluded: and all that follows, like the last Scene of the Andrian, is but the lame completion of an Episode, limping after the main action. In the four first acts the adventures of Thraso are so artfully interwoven with the other business of the play, that they are fairly blended and incorporated with the fable of the Eunuch: but here we perceive that though our Author has got rid of one of Menander's pieces, the other, the Colax, still hangs heavy on his hands. Was an author to form his play on twenty different pieces, if he could melt them all down into one action, there would be no impropriety: but if he borrows only from Two, whenever the Episode ceases to act as one of the necessary springs of the main action, it becomes redundant, and the Unity of the Action (perhaps the only Unity, which ought never to be violated) is destroyed. Thraso, says Donatus, is brought back again, in order to be admitted to some share in the good graces of Thais, that he may not be made unhappy at the end of the play: but surely it is an essential part of the poetical Justice of Comedy to expose coxcombs to ridicule, and to punish them, though without any shocking severity, for their follies.

Advance: we hither? what adventure, Thraso?

Tbra. What do I mean?—To Thais to surrender
On her own terms?

Gnat. Indeed?

Tbra. Indeed: why not,
As well as Hercules to Omphale?

Gnat. A fit example.—Wou'd I might behold
* Your head broke with her slipper! [*aside.*] But
her doors.

Creak, and fly open.

Tbra. 'Sdeath! what mischief now?
I ne'er so much as saw this face before.
Why bursts he forth with such alacrity?

SCENE IX.

Enter CHÆREA at another Part of the Stage.

Chær. Lives there, my countrymen, a happier
man

To-day than I?—Not one.—For on my head
The Gods have plainly emptied all their store,
On whom they've pour'd a flood of bliss at once.

Par. What's he so pleas'd at?

Chær. seeing him.] Oh my Parmeno!
Inventor, undertaker, perfecter

Of

* *Your head broke with her slipper.]* There was no
doubt at Athens some Comedy of the Loves of Her-
cules and Omphale; in which the Heroe was repre-
sented with a distaff by the side of his mistress, who
broke his head with her slipper. To which Gnathe
alludes in this place. DACIER.

Of all my pleasures, know'st thou my good fortunes?
Know'st thou my Pamphila's a citizen?

Par. I've heard so.

Chær. Know'st thou, she's betroth'd my wife?

Par. Oh brave, by heav'n!

Gnat. Hear you what he says? [to Thraſo.

Chær. Then I rejoice, my brother Phædria's love
Is quietly secur'd to him for ever:

We're now one family: and Thais has
Found favour with my father, and resign'd
Herself to us for patronage and care.

Par. She's then entirely Phædria's?

Chær. Ay, entirely.

Par. Another cause of joy: the Captain routed!

Chær. See, Parmeno, my brother (wheresoe'er
He be) know this, as soon as possible!

Par. I'll see if he's at home [Exit.

Tbra. Hast any doubt,

Gnatho, but I'm entirely ruined?

Gnat. None at all.

Chær. What shall I mention first? whom praise
the most?

Him that advis'd this action? or myself
That durst to undertake it?—or extol
Fortune, the governess of all, who deign'd,
Events so many, of such moment too,
So happily to close within one day?
Or shall I praise my father's frank good-humour,
And gay festivity?—Oh, Jupiter,
Make but these blessings sure!

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter PHÆDRIA.

Pbæd. Oh heavenly powers!
What wond'rous things has Parmeno just told me!
But where's my brother?

Chær. Here he is.

Pbæd. I'm happy.

Chær. I dare believe you are; and trust me,
brother,

Nought can be worthier of your love than Thais:
Our family are all much bounden to her.

Pbæd. So! you'd need sing her praise to me!

Tbra. Confusion!

As my hope dies, my love increases. *Gnatho,*
Your help! my expectation's all in you.

Gnat. What would you have me do?

Tbra. Accomplish this;

By pray'r, by purchase, that I still may have
Some little share in Thais.

Gnat. A hard task!

Tbra. Do but incline to do't, you can, I know.
Effect it, and demand whatever gift,
Whate'er reward you please, it shall be your's.

Gnat. Indeed?

Tbra. Indeed.

Gnat. If I accomplish this,
I claim, that you agree to throw your doors,
Present or absent, always open to me;
A welcome uninvited guest for ever.

Tbra.

Thra. I pawn my honour as the pledge.

Gnat. I'll try.

Phad. What voice is that? Oh, Thraso!

Thra. Gentlemen,
Good day!

Phad. Perhaps you're not acquainted yet,
With what has happen'd here?

Thra. I am.

Phad. Why then
Do I behold you in these territories?

Thra. Depending on—

Phad. Depend on nought but this!
Captain, I give you warning, if, henceforth,
I ever find you in this street, although

You tell me, "*I was looking for another,*
"*I was but passing through,*" expect no quarter.

Gnat. Oh fie! that is not handsome.

Phad. I have said it.

Gnat. You cannot be so rude.

Phad. It shall be so.

Gnat. First grant me a short hearing: if
you like

What I propose, agree to't.

Phad. Let us hear!

Gnat. Do you retire a moment, Thraso! [*Thra.*
retires.] First,

I must beseech you both, most firmly think,
That I, whate'er I do in this affair,
For my own sake I do it: But if that

Like-

Likewise advantage you, not to agree
In you were folly.

Pbæd. What is't, you propose?

Gnat. I think you should admit the Captain, as
Your rival.

Pbæd. How? admit him?

Gnat. Nay consider!

Phædria, you live at a high rate with Her,
Revel, and feast, and stick at no expence.
Yet what you give's but little, and you know
'Tis needful Thais should receive much more.
Now to supply your love without your cost,
A fitter person, one more form'd, can't be
Than Thrafo is: First, he has wherewithal
To give, and gives most largely: A fool too,
A dolt, a block, that snores out night and day;
Nor can you fear she'll e'er grow fond of him;
And you may drive him hence where'er you
please.

Pbæd. What shall we do? [*to Chærea,*

Gnat. Moreover this, the which

I hold no trifle, no man entertains

More nobly or more freely.

Pbæd. I begin

To think we've need of such a fool.

Chæ. And I.

Gnat. Well judg'd! and let me beg one favour
more;

Admit me of your family!—I have

* Roll'd

* Roll'd this stone long enough.

Pbæd. We do admit you.

Cbær. With all our hearts.

Gnat. And you, sirs, in return,

† Shall pledge me in the Captain; eat him;
drink him:

And laugh at him.

Cbær. A bargain!

Pbæd. † 'Tis his due.

Gnat. Thrafo, whene'er you please, approach!

Tbra. Pray now,
How stands the case?

Gnat. Alas! they knew you not:
But when I drew your character, and prais'd
Your worth, according to your deeds and virtues,
I gain'd my point.

Tbra. 'Tis well: I'm much oblig'd;

I ne'er

* *Roll'd this stone.*] Pleasant allusion to the fable of Sisyphus. DONATUS.

† *Shall pledge me in the Captain, &c.*] Facetiously said in the character of the Parasite, who discourses in convivial terms. DONATUS.

‡ *'Tis his due.*] I cannot think that this play, excellent as it is in almost all other respects, concludes consistently with the manners of Gentlemen: there is a meanness in Phædria and Chærea consenting to take Thrafo into their society with a view of fleecing him, which the Poet should have avoided. COOKE.

The consent of Laches to the continuance of his Son's connection with Thais is also so repugnant to modern manners, that Fontaine found himself obliged to change that circumstance in his imitation of this Comedy.

I ne'er was any where, in all my life,
But all folks lov'd me dearly.

Gnat. Did not I

Say, he had all the Attick Elegance?

Pbæd. He is the very character you drew.

Gnat. Retire then.—Ye, [to the audience.]
farewell, and clap your hands!

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

18 NO 67

THE

THE
COMEDIES
OF
TERENCE.

VOL. II.



NOV. 11

T H E
C O M E D I E S
O F
T E R E N C E,

Translated into Familiar BLANK VERSE.

By G E O R G E C O L M A N.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L. II.

Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim :

Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.

Quin ubi se a vulgo et scenâ in secreta remôrant

Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Læli,

Nugari cum illo et discincti ludere, donec

Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

HOR.

D U B L I N :

Printed for ELIZABETH WATTS, Bookseller in
Skinner-Row. M,DCC,LXVI.